

A
S E L E C T I O N
O F
H Y M N S,
FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS,
ADAPTED TO
Public Worship.

By THOMAS WESTLAKE. *R*

Ye Saints below, and Hosts of Heaven,
Join all your praising Powers :
No Theme is like Redeeming Love,
No Savior is like ours.

Dr. J.^d STENNETT.

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RECOMMENDATION.

THE Editor must have employed no inconsiderable portion of time and attention in collecting, altering and arranging the following Hymns, for which we think him entitled to, and trust that he will receive, suitable acknowledgment. We readily recommend this publication, as more uniformly evangelical than hymn books in general, to the patronage of those, who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and earnestly intreat the great Object of the song to accept the praise here offered to the glory of his exalted name.

SAMUEL EYLES PIERCE.

SAMUEL ROWLES.

JOHN GILES.

JOHN PAUL PORTER.

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TO GOD.

I. SEVENS. INGENUUS.

NOW to *God* a joyful song ;
Tune your harps, ye angel throng,
Raptur'd strike each golden string ;
Echoing heavens, praise your King.

Glorious orb of liquid flame,
Shine to thy Creator's fame :
Moon and stars, his praise rehearse,
Gladly join the grateful verse.

Heav'n of heav'ns, your Maker laud,
Spread his wond'rous works abroad ;
Floods on high, his pow'r declare,
For he fix'd your station there.

Earth, the heav'nly concert join,
Stormy winds and hail, combine ;
Thunders roll, and lightnings blaze ;
Snow and vapour, join the praise.

Feather'd throng, that skim the sky,
Soaring, swell your music high ;
Humble plants, with meekness nod ;
Cedars, bow and bless your God.

Tow'ring mountains, ev'ry deep,
Beasts and cattle, worms that creep,
Favour'd mortals, old and young,
Let his mercies grace your tongue.

Zion's sons, your voices raise,
Sing his matchless works and ways :
All creation loud proclaim
Endless honors to his name.

II. As the 148th. MORTON'S Col.

To the Trinity.

BE the great God on high
 Eternally ador'd ;
 Who gave his Son to die,
 The dear redeeming Lord :
 He, Jesus from his bosom gave,
 The people of his love to save.
 Worship, and praise, and pow'r,
 Ascribe ye to the Lamb ;
 His finish'd work adore,
 And trust the Savior's name :
 Jesus, the Son, to sinners giv'n ;
 Who saves from hell, and lifts to heav'n.

The blessed Spirit praise,
 Who shews th' atoning blood,
 Applies the Savior's grace
 And seals the sons of God :
 All thanks, and praise and glory too
 Are to the Lord the Spirit due.

Saints, with the church above,
 When time and death shall end,
 In ecstasies of love,
 Eternity shall spend :
 Spend in the great Jehovah's praise,
 An age of everlasting days.

III. As the 148th. WATTS, *altered.**Another.*

WE give immortal praise
 To God the Father's love,
 For all our comforts here,
 And better hopes above :

He sent his own beloved Son
To die for crimes that we had done.

To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who sav'd us by his blood
From everlasting woe:
In glory now supreme he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

To God the Spirit's name
Immortal praises give,
Whose new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live:
'Tis he completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honors done---
The great mysterious Three,
Yet undivided One.
Where reason fails with all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

IV. *Another.*

TO him that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To him that form'd our hearts anew,
Is endless praise and glory due.

The Father's love shall run
Thro' our immortal songs:
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues:

Our lips address the Spirit's name,
With equal praise, and zeal the same.

Let ev'ry faint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever blest and love
The sacred Three in One ;
Thus heav'n shall raise his honors high,
When earth and time grow old and die.

V. L. M. TOPLADY'S Col.

Another.

HAIL, sacred One ! almighty Three !
Great, everlasting mystery !
What lofty numbers shall we frame,
Equal to thy most glorious name ?

Forgive, forgive our feeble lays ;
Sound forth thy own eternal praise :
A theme so vast, a song so high,
Calls for the voice that made the sky.

VI. L. M. WATTS'S P.

To God the Son.

NOW be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Savior-King,
Jesus the Lord ; how heav'nly fair
His form ! how bright his beauties are !

O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace ;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord !
 Gird on the terror of thy sword !
 In Majesty and glory ride,
 With truth and meekness at thy side.

Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
 Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart ;
 Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
 Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

Thy throne, O God, for ever stands ;
 Grace is the sceptre in thy hands ;
 Thy laws and works are just and right ;
 Justice and grace are thy delight.

God, thine own God, has richly shed
 His oil of gladness on thy head,
 And with his sacred Spirit blest
 His first-born Son above the rest.

VII. L. M. WATTS'S H.

Another.

NOW for a tune of lofty praise
 To great Jehovah's equal Son ;
 Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays
 Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
 And the bright robes he wore above ;
 How swift and joyful was his flight,
 On wings of everlasting love.

Down to this base, this sinful earth
 He came to raise our nature high ;
 He came t' atone Almighty wrath ;
 Jesus, the God, was born to die.

Hell and its lions roar'd around ;
 His precious blood the monster spilt ;
 While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
 Large as the loads of all our guilt.

Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
 Th' Almighty Captive Pris'ner lay ;
 Th' Almighty Captive left the earth,
 And rose to everlasting day.

Amidst a thousand harps and songs
 Jesus, the God, exalted reigns ;
 O may his praise fill all our tongues,
 And echo to the heav'nly plains.

VIII. L. M. WATTS, *altered.*

To God the Holy Ghost.

ETERNAL Spirit! thee we bless
 And sing the wonders of thy grace ;
 Thy love conveys our blessings down
 From God the Father and the Son.

Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,
 Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
 Thine inward teachings make us know
 Our danger, and our refuge too.

Thy mighty power works within,
 And breaks the chains of reigning sin ;
 Doth each imperious lust subdue,
 And moulds and forms the will anew.

Thou dost allay the stormy wind,
 And calm the surges of the mind :
 The troubled conscience knows thy voice ;
 And thou dost make the heart rejoice. —

Forgive the song that falls so low
 Beneath the gratitude we owe!
 It means thy praise, however poor,
 And angels songs can do no more.

IX. As the 148th. WATTS, *altered.*

The Divine Perfections.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 His throne is built on high;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and Majesty:
 His glory shines with beams so bright,
 No mortal eye can bear the sight.

The thunders of his hand
 Keep the wide world in awe:
 His wrath and justice stand,
 To guard his holy law;
 And where his love resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms and seals the grace.

Thro' all his works and ways
 Unbounded wisdom shines;
 His foes how low he lays!
 He mocks their vain designs:
 Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
 His great decrees, and sov'reign will.

And is this God the same
 That thus doth condescend?
 And will he write his name,
 A Father and a Friend?---
 Adore his grace with one accord---
 Let all the ransom'd praise the Lord.

X. C. M. ROWE.

The Eternity of God.

THOU didst, O mighty God, exist
 E'er time began its race,
 Before the ample elements
 Fill'd up the voids of space.

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
 In fluid air was stay'd ;
 Before the ocean's mighty springs
 Their liquid stores display'd.

E'er men ador'd or angels knew,
 Or prais'd thy wond'rous name ;
 Thy bliss, O sacred spring of life !
 And glory were the same.

And when the pillars of the world,
 With sudden ruin, break ;
 And all this vast, and goodly frame
 Sinks in the mighty wreck :

When from her orb the moon shall start,
 Th' astonish'd sun roll back ;
 While all the trembling starry lamps
 Their ancient course forsake :

For ever permanent and fix'd,
 From agitation free ;
 Unchang'd, in everlasting years,
 Shall thy existence be.

XI. C. M.

The Glory of God.

GREAT God, how wide thy glory shines !
 How high thy wonders rise !

Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They shew the labor of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

But when we view thy ^{strange} ~~great~~ design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join,
In their divinest forms ;

Our thoughts are lost in joyful awe ;
We love and we adore ;
The first arch-angel never saw
So much of God before.

Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones ;
O, the dear myst'ries of his cross !
The triumph of his groans !

Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains ;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song !
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

XII. L. M. Towgood's Col.

The Majesty of God.

DO thou, my soul, in sacred lays,
 Attempt thy great Creator's praise :
 But, O, what tongue can speak his fame !
 What mortal verse can reach the theme !

Enthron'd amidst the radiant spheres,
 He glory like a garment wears :
 To form a robe of light divine,
 Ten thousand suns around him shine.

Before his throne a glitt'ring band
 Of seraphim and angels stand ;
 Etherial spirits, who in flight
 Outwing the active rays of light.

To God all nature owes its birth ;
 He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth :
 He rais'd the glorious arch on high ;
 And measur'd out the azure sky.

In all our Maker's grand designs,
 Omnipotence with wisdom shines ;
 His works thro' all this wond'rous frame,
 Bear the great impress of his name.

Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
 Do thou, my soul, his glories sing ;
 And let his praise employ thy tongue,
 'Till list'ning worlds applaud the song.

XIII. C. M. WATTS'S H.

The Omnipresence of God.

LORD, where shall guilty souls retire,
 Forgotten and unknown ?
 In hell, they meet thy dreadful fire,
 In heav'n, thy glorious throne.

Should we suppress our vital breath
 To 'scape the wrath divine,
 Thy voice would break the bars of death,
 And make the grave resign.

If, wing'd with beams of morning light,
 We fly beyond the west,
 Thy hand, which must support our flight,
 Would soon betray our rest.

If o'er our sins we think to draw
 The curtains of the night ;
 Those flaming eyes, that guard thy law,
 Would turn the shades to light.

The beams of noon, the midnight hour
 Are both alike to thee :---
 Lord ! we have sinn'd against that pow'r,
 From which we cannot flee !

XIV. C. M. WATTS'S H.

The Decrees of God.

LET the whole race of creatures lie
 Abas'd before their God ;
 Whate'er his sov'reign voice has form'd
 He governs with a nod.

Ten thousand ages ere the skies
 Were into motion brought,
 All the long years and worlds to come
 Stood present to his thought.

There's not a sparrow or a worm
 But's found in his *Decrees*;
 He raises monarchs to their throne,
 And sinks them as he please.

If light attend the course I run,
 'Tis he provides those rays;
 And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
 If darkness cloud my days.

Yet I would not be much concern'd,
 Nor vainly long to see
 The volumes of his deep decrees,
 What months are writ for me.

When he reveals the book of life,
 O, may I read my name
 Amongst the chosen of his love,
 The follow'rs of the Lamb!

XV. C. M. WATTS'S H.

God's eternal Dominion.

GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 E'er seas or stars were made;
 Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the nations dead.

Nature and time quite naked lie
 To thine immense survey,
 From the formation of the sky
 To the great burning day.

Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in thy view ;
 To thee there's nothing old appears,
 To thee there's nothing new.

Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
 And vex'd with trifling cares ;
 While thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturb'd affairs.

Great God, how infinite art thou !
 What worthless worms are we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.

XVI. C. M. WATTS'S L. and H.

The Wisdom of God.

ETERNAL *Wisdom*, thee we praise,
 Thee the creation sings :
 With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
 And heav'n's high palace rings.

Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky !
 How glorious to behold !
 Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
 And strike the gazing sight,
 Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,
 With terror and delight.

Infinite strength, and equal skill
 Shine thro' the worlds abroad ;
 Our souls with vast amazement fill,
 And speak the Builder God.

But, in thy gospel's wond'rous frame,
 Fresh wisdom we pursue ;
 A thousand angels learn thy name,
 Beyond whate'er they knew.

Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
 Thy wonders here we trace :
 Wisdom thro' all the myst'ry shines,
 And shines in Jesus' face.

XVII. C. M. WATTS and STEELE.

The Goodness of God.

SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
 O God, our heav'nly King !
 Let age to age thy righteousness
 In sounds of glory sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines
 His *goodness* to the skies ;
 Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
 And ev'ry want supplies,

With longing eyes his creatures wait
 On him for daily food,
 His lib'ral hand provides them meat,
 And fills their mouths with good.

All nature owns his guardian care,
 In him we live and move ;
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.

He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honors shall we raise ?
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can renderequal praise.

XVIII. L. M. MORTON'S Col.

Glory ye in his holy Name.

COME, happy souls, who know the Lord,
Who trust, and triumph in his word ;
His honor, and his praise proclaim,
And "glory in his holy name."

He is Jehovah, just and true :
He's gracious, and he's kind to you :
He is your God, O sing his fame !
And "glory in his holy name."

Behold, in Jesus, how divine
His graces, and his glories shine !
Let the sweet theme your soul enflame ;
And "glory in his holy name."

His conquest and his triumphs tell,
O'er sin, o'er satan, death, and hell :
Him as your God for ever claim,
And "glory in his holy name."

Thus, whilst on earth, the praises sing
Of God your portion, God your King ;
'Till you in heav'n take up the theme,
And "glory in his holy name."

XIX. L. M. B---M.

The Justice of God.

WHEN man rebell'd against the Lord,
 Justice drew forth her flaming sword;
 But O, Immanuel shews his face,
 And takes the sinners dreadful place.

Jesus, the surety, then did say,
 "Come, justice, pierce thy sword thro' me,
 "Take an atonement in my blood,
 "And man shall be restor'd to God."

Lo, justice thrusts her awful sword,
 Thro' Jesus, the incarnate Lord,
 Then, then he fell, he groan'd, he dy'd,
 And so stern justice satisfy'd.

Now, sinners, flock to Calv'ry's hill
 And there see justice sweetly smile;
 O look to Christ, on him depend,
 And justice is your constant friend.

Yes, God is just, yet full of grace,
 This I behold in Jesus face,
 In his mysterious person view,
 The wise, just God, and Savior too.

Lord, may I love the wond'rous way,
 Thro' which thy mercy flows to me;
 While I behold thee just, and kind,
 May I thy great salvation find.

XX. C. M. WATTS'S H.

The Faithfulness of God.

BEGIN, my soul, some heav'nly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing;
 The mighty works, or mightier name,
 Of our eternal King.

Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
 And sound his pow'r abroad;
 Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
 And the performing God.

Proclaim salvation from the Lord;
 For wretched, dying men:
 His hand hath writ the sacred word
 With an immortal pen.

Engrav'd as in eternal brass
 The mighty promise shines;
 Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raise
 Those everlasting lines.

His ev'ry word of grace is strong
 As that which built the skies;
 The voice that rolls the stars along,
 Spake all the promises.

Lord, might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
 But whisper, *thou art mine!*
 Those gracious words should raise my song
 To notes almost divine.

How would my leaping heart rejoice,
 And think my heav'n secure!
 Give me to hear thy peaceful voice,
 And faith desires no more.

XXI. C. M. BURDER'S Col.

God is Love.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
 And lift your souls above ;
 Let ev'ry heart and voice accord,
 To sing, that God is love.

This precious truth, his word declares,
 And all his mercies prove ;
 Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
 To shew, that God is love.

Behold, his patience length'n'd out,
 To those who from him rove ;
 And calls effectual reach their hearts,
 To teach them, God is love.

The work begun, is carry'd on,
 By pow'r from heav'n above ;
 And ev'ry step, from first to last,
 Proclaims that God is love.

And O that you, whose hard'ned hearts,
 No fears of hell can move ;
 May hear the gospel's milder voice,
 That tells you, God is love !

Thousands, as vile and base as you,
 Surround the throne above :
 The grace that chang'd, has tun'd their hearts
 To sing, that God is love.

O may we all, while here below,
 This best of blessings prove ;
 'Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
 Shall shout, that God is love.

XXII. C. M. STEELE.

The Condescension of God.

ETERNAL pow'r, Almighty God!
 Who can approach thy throne?
 Accessless light is thy abode,
 To angel-eyes unknown.

Before the radiance of thine eye,
 The heav'ns no longer shine;
 And all the glories of the sky
 Are but the shade of thine.

Great God, and wilt thou condescend
 To cast a look below?
 To this vile world thy notice bend
 These seats of sin and woe?

But oh! to shew thy smiling face,
 To bring thy glories near,---
 Amazing and transporting grace,
 To dwell with mortals here.

How strange! how awful is thy love!
 With trembling we adore;
 Not all th' exalted minds above
 Its wonders can explore.

While golden harps, and angel-tongues
 Resound immortal lays;
 Great God, permit our humble songs
 To rise, and mean thy praise.

XXIII. II. Geard T. RIPPON's *Selection.**The Mercy of God.*

THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
 The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue
 Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
 Has won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,
 Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair ;
 But, thro' thy free goodness my spirits revive,
 And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.

Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
 Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart ;
 Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
 And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

The door of thy mercy stands open all day
 To th' poor and the needy, who knock by the way
 No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
 Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.

Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell ;
 Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell :
 'Twas Jesus my friend, when he hung on the tree,
 Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.

Great father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
 And th' covenant love of thy crucify'd Son :
 All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine,
 Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine.

XXIV. L. M. TUCKER.

Mercy and Truth are met together, &c.

INFINITE grace! and can it be,
That heav'n's Supreme should stoop so low!
To visit one so vile as me—
One who has been his bitt'rest foe!

Am I awake, or do I dream?

Is the transporting vision true?
O'er guilt so great can mercy beam,
Yet justice have its honors due?

Can holiness and wisdom join

With truth, with justice, and with grace;
To make eternal blessings mine,
And sin with all its guilt, erase?

O love! beyond conception great,

That form'd the vast stupendous plan!
Where all divine Perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man.

There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,

And justice all her right maintains—
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

Yes, mercy reigns, and in fact too,

In Christ they both harmonious meet;
He paid to justice all its due,
And now he fills the mercy-seat.

Such are the wonders of our God;

And such th' amazing depths of grace;
To save, from wrath's vindictive rod,
The chosen sons of Adam's race.

With grateful songs, then, let our souls
 Surround our gracious Father's throne ;
 And all between the distant poles
 His truth and mercy ever own.

XXV. 8. New Haven T. DAVIES.

The Pardoning God.

GREAT God of wonders ! all thy ways
 Are matchless, Godlike, and divine ;
 But the fair glories of thy grace
 More Godlike and unrival'd shine :
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

Crimes of such horror to forgive,
 Such guilty daring worms to spare,
 This is thy grand prerogative,
 And none shall in the honor share.
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

Angels and men, resign your claim
 To pity, mercy, love, and grace ;
 These glories crown Jehovah's name
 With an incomparable blaze.
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
 We take the pardon of our God,
 Pardon, for crimes of deepest dye,
 A pardon, seal'd with Jesus' blood.
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

O may this strange this matchless grace,
 This Godlike miracle of love

Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
 And all th' angelic choirs above !
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

CREATION and PROVIDENCE.

XXVI. C. M. STEELE.

LORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys
 Creation's beauties o'er,
 All nature joins to teach thy praise,
 And bid our souls adore.

Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
 Thy radiant footsteps shine ;
 Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
 And speak their source divine.

The living tribes, of countless forms,
 In earth, and sea, and air ;
 The meanest flies, the smallest worms
 Almighty pow'r declare.

Thy wisdom, pow'r, and goodness, Lord,
 In all thy works appear ;
 And, O ! let man thy praise record ;
 Man, thy distinguish'd care !

From thee the breath of life he drew ;
 That breath thy pow'r maintains ;
 Thy tender mercy, ever new,
 His brittle frame sustains.

Yet nobler favors claim his praise,
 Of reason's light possess'd ;
 By revelation's brightest rays,
 Still more divinely bless'd.

Thy providence, his constant guard,
When threat'ning woes impend;
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succors lend.

On us that providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays;
O, may our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise!

XXVII. L. M. STEELE.

The Mysteries of Providence.

LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we! how mean our praise!
Thy steps can mortal eyes explore?
'Tis ours, to wonder and adore!

Thy deep decrees, from creature sight,
Are hid in shades of awful night;
Amid the lines, with curious eye,
Not angel minds presume to pry.

Great God, I would not ask to see
What in futurity shall be;
If light and bliss attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praise.

Is darkness and distress my share?
Then let me trust thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine,
At length through ev'ry cloud shall shine.

Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below;
"That Christ is mine!"---This great request
Grant, bounteous God,---and I am blest!

XXVIII. C. M. COWPER.

Another.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence,
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain ;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

The FALL and RECOVERY of MAN.

XXIX. L. M. WATTS'S H.

DECEIV'D by subtil snares of hell,
 Adam our head, our father fell,
 When satan in the serpent hid,
 Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.

Death was the threat'ning, death began
 To take possession of the man ;
 His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
 And heavy curses smote the ground.

But satan found a worse reward ;
 Thus saith the veng'ance of the Lord,
 " Let everlasting hatred be
 " Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

" The woman's seed shall be my Son ;
 " He shall destroy what thou hast done ;
 " Shall break thy head, and only feel
 " Thy malice raging at his heel."

He spake ; and bid four thousand years
 Roll on ;---at length his Son appears ;
 Angels with joy descend to earth,
 And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

Lo, by the fons of hell he dies :
 But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
 He gave their prince a fatal blow,
 And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.

XXX. C. M. *Altered by* TOPLADY.

Original and actual Sin.

LORD, I would spread my sore distress
 And guilt before thine eyes :

Against thy law, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!

Shou'dst thou consign my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust;
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well.
And earth must own it just.

I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.

Conceiv'd and shap'd in guilt I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And, as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juster prey for death.

No works nor righteousness of men
For sin can e'er atone:
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

Then do not from my soul depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill my mouth with praise.

XXXI. L. M. WATT'S H

The first and second Adam.

DEEP in the dust before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God! we own th' unhappy name,
Whence sprung our nature and our shame.

Adam the *sinner*: at his fall,
Death, like a conqu'ror, seiz'd us all;

A thousand new-born babes are dead,
By fatal union to their head.

But whilst our spirits fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honors of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.

We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own ;
Adam the *second*, from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.

By the rebellion of one man
Thro' all his seed the mischief ran ;
And by one man's obedience now
Are all his seed made righteous too.

Where sin did reign and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life ; there glorious grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our righteousness.

THE SCRIPTURES.

XXXII. L M. WATTS, *altered*.

'T WAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke the word ;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

The works and wonders which they wrought,
Confirm'd the messages they brought ;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath ;
To save the holy word from death.

God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make me wise and blest'd ;

The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

O for a strong and lasting faith
To credit what th' Almighty faith !
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the promises my own.

Then shall mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book ;
There my Redeemer's face shall see,
And read his name who dy'd for me.

XXXIII. C. M. STEELE.

The Excellency of the Scriptures.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast ;
Sublimar sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heav'nly pages be
 My ever dear delight ;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light !

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou for ever near,
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Savior there.

XXXIV. L. M. WATTS'S P.

God manifested in his works and word.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
 In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines :
 But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy Name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And night and day thy pow'r confess ;
 But the blest volume thou hast writ
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand :
 So when thy truth began its race,
 It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
 Till thro' the world thy truth has run ;
 Till Christ has all the nations blest,
 That see the light, or feel the sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness arise !
 Bless the dark world with heav'nly light ;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgment right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n ;
 Lord, cleanse our sins, our souls renew,
 And make thy word our guide to heav'n.

LAW and GOSPEL.

XXXV. L. M. WATTS, *altered.*

THE law declares, and makes us know
 What debt immense to God we owe :
 But in the gospel we may see
 How God hath set the debtor free.

The law discovers guilt and sin ;
 And shews how vile our hearts have been ;
 Only the gospel can express
 God's mercy, love and righteousness.

What curses does the law denounce
 Against the man who sins but once :
 But in the gospel Christ appears
 Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

The vilest sinner out of hell,
 That can his case to Jesus tell,
 Shall find relief thro' his dear blood,
 And pardon from a gracious God.---

My soul, no more attempt to draw
 Thy life or comfort from the law :
 All joy and peace the gospel gives :
 Happy the sinner who believes.

XXXVI. L. M. NEWTON, *altered.**Another.*

JEHOVAH once to Israel spoke
 From Sinai's top in fire and smoke :
 He speaks in love from Zion now,
 And wears no terrors on his brow.

When Sinai's thund'ring law was heard,
 Moses himself then quak'd and fear'd :
 But now the voice of Jesus' blood
 Invites poor wand'ring souls to God.

The gospel now, with accents mild,
 Speaks to the sinner as a child ;
 Proclaims a reconciling God,
 And points the soul to Jesus' blood.

The voice of mercy sweetly sounds
 From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds :
 By these the Lord was pleas'd to prove
 How firm his covenant and love.—

Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,
 Hath sov'reign virtue to atone :
 Here may we rest our only plea
 When we approach, great God, to thee.

XXXVII. C. M. WATTS'S H.

The Law is weak.

'TIS not the law of ten commands
 On holy Sinai giv'n,
 And sent to men by Moses' hands,
 Can bring a soul to heav'n :

'Tis not the blood that Aaron spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
That can remove a sinner's guilt,
Or save his soul from hell.

Aaron, the priest, resigns his breath
At God's immediate will;
And in the desert yields to death
On the appointed hill.

And thus, on Jordan's yonder side,
The tribes of Israel stand,
While Moses bow'd his head, and died,
Short of the promis'd land.

Israel, rejoice! for Joshua leads;
He'll bring the tribes to rest:
So far the Savior's name exceeds
The ruler and the priest.

XXXVIII. C. M. HART, *altered*.

*For as many as are of the Works of the Law,
are under the Curse.*

HOW can ye hope deluded souls,
To see what none e'er saw---
Salvation by the works obtain'd
Of Sinai's fiery law?

It sin reveals, it worketh wrath,
But can no mercy show:
All breakers of this law are curs'd,
And that in justice too.

This curse pertains to those who break
One precept, e'er so small:

And where's the man, in thought or deed,
That has not broken all ?

Fly then, awaken'd sinners, fly,
Your case admits no stay ;
The fountain's open'd now for sin,
Come wash your guilt away.

See how from Jesus' wounded side,
The water flows and blood ;
If you but touch that purple tide,
Your peace is made with God.

Only by faith in Jesus' wounds
The sinner finds release ;
No other sacrifice for sin
Will God accept but this.

XXXIX. C. M. *Altered by TOPLADY.*

The Law condemns, Grace justifies.

WE ask no more the dreadful law
To justify us now ;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

'Tis from the *mercy* of our God
That all our hopes begin ;
'Tis by the water and the blood,
Our souls are cleans'd from sin.

'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done ;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,
Abounding through his Son.

'Tis through th' atonement of his death,
 Who hung upon the tree,
 The Spirit is sent down to breathe
 On such dry bones as we.

Jesus, how glorious is thy grace !
 When in thy name we trust,
 Our faith receives *thy* righteousness
 Which makes the sinner just.

Rais'd from the dead, we live anew ;
 And, justify'd by grace,
 We shall appear in glory too,
 And see our Father's face.

XL. C. M. WATTS, *altered.*

The ceremonial Law, typical of Christ.

THE true Messiah now appears,
 The types are all withdrawn :
 So fly the shadows and the stars
 Before the rising dawn.

No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
 Nor kid, nor bullock slain,
 Incense and spice of costly names,
 Would all be burnt in vain.

Aaron must put his robes away,
 His mitre and his vest,
 When God himself comes down to be
 The Off'ring and the Priest.

He took our mortal flesh to shew
 The wonders of his love ;
 For us he paid his life below,
 And prays for us above,---

Lord give us all a steady trust
In thy all-gracious name,
Charm'd with the virtues of thy cross,
We'd sing thy matchless fame.

To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honor, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his days.

XLI. Sevens. BRADFORD'S COL.

The Gospel.

THIS is gospel ; this alone :
All, who for redemption groan,
All, who feel the weight of sin,
All, who languish to be clean,
All, who see themselves undone,
May take refuge in the Son ;
And in him remission have,
Who can to the utmost save.

XLII. C. M. GIBBONS.

Another.

JESUS, th' eternal son of God,
Whom seraphim obey,
The bosom of the Father leaves,
And enters human clay :

Down to our sinful world he comes
The Messenger of grace,
And on the bloody tree expires
A Victim in our place.

Transgressors of the deepest stain
 In him salvation find;
 His blood removes the foulest guilt,
 His spirit heals the mind.

Our Jesus saves from sin and hell.
 His words are true and sure,
 And on this *rock* our faith may rest
 Immoveably secure.

O let these *tidings* be receiv'd
 With universal joy,
 And let the high angelic praise
 Our tuneful pow'rs employ!

Glory to God who gave his Son
 To bear our shame and pain:
 Hence peace on earth, and grace to men,
 In endless blessing reign.

XLIII. L. M. WATTS'S H.

The Power of the Gospel.

THIS is the word of truth and love
 Sent to the nations from above;
 Jehovah here resolves to shew
 What his almighty grace can do.

This remedy did *wisdom* find
 To heal diseases of the mind:
 This sov'reign *balm*, whose virtues can
 Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

The gospel bids the dead revive,
 Sinners obey the voice, and live;
 Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afresh,
 And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

Where satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light ;
Our lusts its wond'rous pow'r controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.

Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb ;
While the vain world esteems it strange,
Gaze and admire, and hate the change.---

May but this grace our souls renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate us too ;
The *word*, that saves us, doth engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

44. LXIV. S. M. WATTS, *altered*.

Gospel Times.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Sion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !

How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
" Sion, behold thy Savior-King ;
He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound ;
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !

How blessed are our eyes
That see this heav'nly light !
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight.

We never can repay
The debt of love we owe :
Lord, may we give ourselves to thee,
And all thy goodness know !

DOCTRINES and BLESSINGS.

45. ~~LXV.~~ L. M. WATT'S H.

Election.

JESUS, we blest thy Father's name ;
Thy God and our's are both the same :
What heav'nly blessings from his throne
Flow down to sinners, through his Son !

" Christ be my first elect," he said ;
Then chose our souls in Christ our head ;
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin ;
Our characters were then decreed,
" Blameless in love, an holy seed."

Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once ;
A new, regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.

With Christ our Lord we share our part
In the affections of his heart :
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
'Till he forgets his first-belov'd.

XLVI. L. M: B----M.

Predestination.

'TWAS fix'd in God's eternal mind,
 When his dear sons should mercy find ;
 From everlasting he decreed,
 When ev'ry good should be convey'd :

Determin'd was the manner how
 We should be brought the Lord to know ;
 Yea, he decreed the very place,
 Where he would call us by his grace.

Also the means were fix'd upon,
 Thro' which his sov'reign love should run ;
 So time, and place, yea, means, and mode,
 Were all determin'd by our God.

Vast were the settlements of grace
 On millions of the human race :
 And ev'ry favour richly giv'n
 Flows from the high decrees of heav'n.

In ev'ry mercy, full and free,
 Th' appointing God I wish to see ;
 To see how grace, free-grace has reign'd
 In ev'ry blessing he ordain'd.

Yes, dearest Lord, 'tis my desire,
 Thy wise appointments to admire ;
 And trace the footsteps of my God,
 Thro' ev'ry part of Zion's road.

XLVII. L. M. TUCKER.

*Election in, and Union with, Christ, the Source
of every Blessing.*

EXPAND, my soul, arise and sing;
The matchless grace of Zion's King;
Whose love, as ancient as his name,
Let all thy pow'rs aloud proclaim.

'Twas he, eternal ages past,
Form'd his great plan from first to last;
And, what his arm would e'er fulfil,
Stood ever present to his will.

He saw, with one capacious glance,
World upon world to life advance;
And fix'd the end, e'er time began,
Of seraph, reptile, and of man.

Of man, chief work of all below,
What wonders are we led to know!
Wonders surpassing angels' ken
Are by our God reveal'd to men.

Grace, deep as the eternal mind,
Unutterable bliss design'd
For man; e'er worlds, or sin, were born,
Or angels sang creation's morn.

Chosen of old, of old approv'd;
In Christ th' eternal Son belov'd;
Adopted too, and children made,
E'er sin its baneful poison spread.

Though sin and guilt infect them here,
In Christ they all complete appear;

For all that justice e'er demands,
Receiv'd full payment from his hands.

In him the Father never saw
The least transgression of his law :
Perfection, then, in him we view---
His saints, in him, are perfect too.

Then let our souls, in humble praise,
To Jesus lasting anthems raise ;
And love eternal be our song,
As endless ages roll along.

XLVIII. Sevens. RYLAND.

Predestination ; or, My Times are in thy Hands!

SOV'REIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise ;
All my *times* are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

His decrees, who form'd the earth,
Fix'd my first and second birth :
Parents, native-place, and time,
All appointed were by him.

He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb :
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.

Times of sickness, times of health ;
Times of penury and wealth :
Times of trial and of grief ;
Times of triumph and relief.

Times the tempter's pow'r to prove :
 Times to taste a Savior's love :
 All must come, and last, and end,
 As shall please my heav'nly friend,

Plagues and deaths around me fly ;
 'Till he bids, I cannot die :
 Not a single shaft can hit
 'Till the God of love sees fit.

O thou gracious, wise, and just,
 In thy hands my life I trust :
 Have I somewhat dearer still ?
 I resign it to thy will.

May I always own thy hand---
 Still to the surrender stand :
 Know that thou art God alone,
 I and mine are all thy own.

Thee, at all times, may I bless ;
 Having thee, I all possess :
 How can I bereaved be,
 Since I cannot part with thee.

XLIX. 8, 7. WHITEFIELD'S Col. *altered.*

Love Divine.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heav'n to earth come down !
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown :
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart !

Breathe! O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into ev'ry troubled breast!
 Let us all in thee inherit
 Peace, and joy, and holy rest:
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be,
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our souls at liberty.

Come! Almighty to deliver,
 Let us life and pow'r receive!
 Come, possess our hearts, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave!
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee, as thine hosts above,
 Bless and praise thee, without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious love.

Carry on thy new creation,
 Happy, holy may we be!
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secur'd by thee:
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 'Till in heav'n we take our place;
 'Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

L. C. M. *Altered by TOPLADY.*

Unchangeable Love.

OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
 E'en when he hides his face!
 He trusts, in our Redeemer's hands,
 His glory and his grace.

Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
 Since Christ and we are one?
 Thy God is faithful to his saints,
 Is faithful to his Son.

Beneath his smiles my heart hath liv'd,
 And part of heav'n possess'd;
 I thank him for the grace receiv'd,
 And trust him for the rest.

Jesus, my God, I know his name;
 His name is all my trust:
 He will not put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as his throne, his promise stands;
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands
 'Till the decisive hour.

Then will he own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face;
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Assign my soul a place.

LI. S. M. DODDRIDGE and B---M.

Grace.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear:
 Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

'Twas grace that wrote my name,
 In God's eternal book:
 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
 Who all my sorrows took.

Grace the good work begins,
 And grace completes the same ;
 And grace constrains my soul to raise
 Hosannas to the Lamb.

From his abounding grace,
 Daily I draw supplies ;
 Grace is the never-ceasing spring
 Of all my swelling joys.

And when I meet my Lord,
 And join the gracious throng,
 Grace shall ~~complete~~ ^{constrain} my soul to sing,
 And grace be all the song.

LII. L. M. RADFORD, *altered.*

The Council of Peace.

LONG ere the sun shot forth his beams,
 Or moon devolv'd her silver streams,
 Salvation's scheme was fix'd ; 'twas done
 In council by the Three in One.

The Father spake, the Son reply'd,
 The Spirit with them both comply'd ;
 Grace mov'd the cause for saving man,
 And wisdom drew the noble plan.

The Father chose his only Son
 To die for crimes that man had done ;
 Immanuel to the choice agreed,
 And thus we're sav'd in Christ our Head.

The Holy Spirit from above
 Now calls the objects of God's love ;
 Not one shall perish, none be lost ;
 Christ's blood has bought them, dear they cost.

What heights, what depths, what breadths of
 Wonder, believer, shout, and praise [grace !
 The One in Three, and Three in One,
 Who all these glorious works has done.

LIII. L. M. WATTS'S P.

The Covenant of Grace.

FOR ever may my song record
 The truth and mercy of the Lord ;
 Mercy and truth for ever stand,
 Like heav'n, established by his hand.

Thus to his Son he sware and said,
 " With thee my cov'nant first was made ;
 " In thee shall dying sinners live,
 " Glory and grace are thine to give.

" Be thou my prophet, thou my priest ;
 " Thy children shall be ever-blest ;
 " Thou art my chosen King : thy throne
 " Shall stand eternal like my own.

" There's none of all my sons above
 " So much my image or my love ;
 " Celestial pow'rs thy subjects are ;
 " Then what can earth to thee compare ?

" David my servant, whom I chose
 " To guard my flocks, to crush my foes,
 " And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
 " Was but a shadow of my Son."

Now let the Church rejoice and sing,
 Jesus her Savior, and her King :
 Angels his heav'nly wonders show,
 And saints declare his works below.

LIV. C. M. TOPLADY'S COL.

Converting Grace.

HAIL, mighty Jesus ; how divine
 Is thy victorious sword !
 The stoutest rebel must resign,
 At thy commanding word.

The strongest holds of Satan yield
 To thy all-conqu'ring hand :
 When once thy glorious arm's reveal'd,
 No creature can withstand.

Deep are the wounds thy arrows give ;
 They pierce the hardest heart :
 Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
 And joy succeeds the smart.

Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh
 Ride with majestic sway :
 Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
 And make thy foes obey.

And when thy vict'ries are complete ;
 When all the chosen race
 Shall round the throne of glory meet,
 To sing thy conqu'ring grace ;

O may my humble soul be found
 Among that favor'd band !
 That I with them, thy praise may sound
 Throughout Immanuel's land.

LV. C. M.

The Atonement.

HOW is our nature marr'd by sin !
 Nor can it ever find
 A way to make the conscience clean,
 Or heal the wounded mind.

In vain we seek for peace with God
 By methods of our own :
 Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood
 Can bring us near the throne.

The threat'nings of the broken law
 Impress our souls with dread :
 If God his sword of vengeance draw,
 It strikes our spirits dead.

But thine illustrious sacrifice
 Hath answer'd these demands :
 And peace and pardon from the skies
 Come down by Jesus' hands.

Here all the antient types agree,
 The altar and the lamb :
 And Prophets in their visions see
 Salvation thro' his name.

'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord ;
 'Tis on thy cross we rest :
 For ever be thy love ador'd,
 Thy name for ever blest.

LVI. L. M. WHITEFIELD'S Col.

Resting on the Atonement.

O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God,
 Come wash us in thy cleansing blood ;

Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee ;
Seal thou our breast, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd near thy bleeding side !
Who life and strength from thee derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live !

How can it be thou heav'nly King,
That thou should'st man to glory bring !
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown !

Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought ;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heav'n must bow !
Help us, to thee our all to give :
Thine may we die ! thine may we live !

LVII. C. M. STEELE.

Divine Bounty.

LORD, we adore thy boundless grace,
The heights and depths unknown
Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace,
In thy beloved Son.

O wond'rous gifts of love divine ;
 Dear source of every good ;
 Jesus, in thee what glories shine !
 How rich thy flowing blood !

Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,
 The Savior's bounty taste ;
 Behold a never-failing store
 For ev'ry willing guest.

Here shall your num'rous wants receive
 A free, a full supply ;
 He has unmeasur'd blifs to give,
 And joys that never die

Can those who hear the Savior's voice,
 Prefer earth's empty toys,
 (Ah, wretched souls ! ah, fatal choice !)
 To everlasting joys ?

Lord, bring unwilling souls to thee,
 With sweet resistless pow'r ;
 Thy boundless grace, let rebels see,
 And at thy feet adore.

LVIII. L. M. WATTS'S M.

Redemption.

THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
 That brightest monument of praise
 That e'er the God of Love design'd,
 Employs and fills my lab'ring mind.

Begin my soul, the heav'nly song,
 A burden for an Angel's tongue :
 When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
 He tunes and summons all his strings.

Proclaim inimitable love,
 Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
 Puts off his robes of bright array,
 And veils the God in mortal clay.

He that distributes crowns and thrones
 Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans :
 The Prince of life resigns his breath,
 The King of Glory bows to death.

But see the wonders of his pow'r,
 He triumphs in his dying hour,
 And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
 He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
 And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood :
 Then he arose, and reigns above,
 And conquers sinners by his love.

Who shall fulfil this boundless song ?
 The theme surmounts an angel's tongue :
 How low, how vain are mortal airs,
 When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs !

LIX. L. M. LAMBETH T. SWAIN.

Another.

HOW willing was Jesus to die,
 That poor wretched sinners, might live !
 The life they could not take away
 How ready was Jesus to give !

They pierced his hands and his feet ;
 His hands and his feet he resign'd ;
 The pangs of his body were great,
 But greater the pangs of his mind.

That wrath would have kindl'd a hell
 Of never-abating despair
 In millions of creatures, which fell
 On Jesus, and spent itself there.

Divinity burst in a blaze
 Of vengeance on Jesus our head ;
 Divinity's in-dwelling rays
 Sustain'd him till nature was dead,

Divinity back to his frame
 The life he had yielded restor'd,
 And Jesus, entomb'd, was the same
 With Jesus in glory ador'd.---

No nearer we venture than this,
 To gaze on a deep so profound ;
 But tread, (while we taste of the bliss,)
 With rev'rence the hallowed ground.

LX. Sevens. MADAN'S Col.

Redeeming Love.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;
 Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye, who see the Father's grace
 Beaming in the Savior's face,
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.

Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
 Welcome to your Savior's breast ;
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing---but redeeming love.

Tho', alas ! ye long have been
 Serving divers lusts and sin,
 Jesus did the curse remove,
 Cancell'd by redeeming love.

He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
 His tremendous foes and ours,
 From their cursed empire drove,
 Mighty in redeeming love.

We will therefore praise the Lord,
 Bless his name with one accord ;
 Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove,
 Praise him for redeeming love.

LXI. C. M. HART.

Mercy.

MERCY is welcome news indeed,
 To those that guilty stand :
 Wretches, who feel the help they need,
 Will bless the helping hand.

Who rightly would his alms dispose,
 Must give them to the poor :
 None, but the wounded patient, knows
 The comforts of a cure.

We all have sinn'd against our God ;
 Exception none can boast :
 But he, that feels the heaviest load,
 Will prize forgiveness most.

No reck'ning can we rightly keep ;
 For who the sum can know ?
 Some souls are fifty talents deep,
 And some five hundred owe.

But, let our debts be what they may,
 However great, or small ;
 As soon as we have *nought* to pay,
 Our Lord forgives us all.

'Tis perfect poverty, alone,
 That sets the soul at large :
 While we can call one mite our own,
 We have no full discharge.

LXII. L. M. GIBBONS and WATTS.

Forgiveness.

FORGIVENESS ! 'tis a joyful sound
 To malefactors doom'd to die ;
 Publish the bliss the world around ;
 Ye Seraphs, shout it from the sky !

'Tis the rich gift of love divine ;
 'Tis full, out-meas'ring ev'ry crime ;
 Unclouded shall its glories shine,
 And feel no change by changing time.

O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
 And like the mountains for their size,
 The seas of sov'reign grace expand,
 The seas of sov'reign grace arise.---

Great God ! what poor returns we pay
 For love so infinite as thine !
 Words are but air, and tongues but clay ;
 But thy *forgiveness* is divine.

O could our thankful hearts devise
 A tribute equal to thy grace,
 To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
 And teach the golden harps thy praise.

LXIII. C. M. WATT'S H.

Pardon.

WHY does your face, ye humble souls,
These mournful colours wear?
What doubts are these that waste your faith,
And nourish your despair?

What tho' your num'rous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise:

What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And has its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell.

See here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Savior's veins
The sacred flood increase:

It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound:
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

LXIV. C. M. WATTS'S H.

Salvation:

SALVATION, O the joyful sound!
What music to the ears!

A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay :
But we are rais'd, by grace divine
To see the gospel-day.

Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

LXV. Helmsley T. RIPPON's Sel.

Free Salvation.

JESUS is our great salvation ;
Worthy of our best esteem !
He has fav'd his fav'rite nation ;
Join to sing aloud to him :
He has fav'd us,
Christ alone could us redeem.

When involv'd in sin and ruin,
And no helper there was found ;
Jesus our distress was viewing ;
Grace did more than sin abound :
He has call'd us,
With salvation in the sound.

Save us from a mere profession,
Save us from hypocrisy ;
Give us, Lord, the sweet possession
Of thy righteousness and thee :
Best of favors,
None compared with this can be.

Let us never, Lord, forget thee !
 Make us walk as pilgrims here :
 May we give thee all the glory
 Of the love that brought us near :
 Bid us praise thee,
 And rejoice with holy fear.

Free election, known by calling,
 Is a privilege divine :
 Saints are kept from final falling:
 All the glory, Lord, be thine,
 All the glory,
 All the glory, Lord, is thine.

LXVI. 8. *Altered by* MORTON.

No Condemnation, &c.

BELIEVERS, of mercy alone,
 Of covenant-mercy should sing ;
 Nor fear, with Christ's righteousness on,
 Their persons and off'rings to bring :
 The threat'ning and wrath of a God
 With them can have nothing to do ;
 The Savior's obedience and blood
 Hide all their transgressions from view.

The work which his goodness began,
 The arm of his strength will complete :
 His promise is *Yea* and *Amen*,
 And never was forfeited yet :
 Things future, nor things that are now ;
 Not all things below nor above,
 Can make him his purpose forego,
 Or sever the soul from his love.

Believer, thy name from his hands
 Eternity will not erase ;
 Imprest on his heart it remains,
 In marks of indelible grace :
 Yes, saints to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is giv'n ;
 More happy, but not more secure,
 Are glorify'd spirits in heav'n.

LXVII. L. M. B---M.

Adoption.

ALL the Lord's honor'd, chosen race
 Adopted were by sov'reign grace ;
 As view'd in Christ, they ever stood
 The children of the living God.

The Lord eternally foresaw,
 That they would break his holy law,
 And sink in guilt, and deep disgrace,
 With all the train of Adam's race.

Yet as Jehovah fix'd his eyes
 On the atoning sacrifice ;
 He his dear sons could never see,
 But with a full complacency.

The Father's heart o'erflow'd with love,
 And sent down Jesus from above ;
 Jesus pour'd out his precious blood,
 To bring the *children* to their God.

Under the sway of mighty grace,
 They see their Father's shining face,
 Smiling a great salvation down
 On ev'ry dear returning son.

Lord, may we all our sonship know,
 As we by faith to Jesus go :
 And in believing may we prove
 Our Father's rich adopting love.

LXVIII. C. M. NEWTON.

Adoption manifested.

A LAS! by nature how deprav'd,
 How prone to ev'ry ill !
 Our lives to Satan how enslav'd,
 How obstinate our will !

And can such sinners be restor'd,
 Such rebels reconcil'd !
 Can grace itself the means afford
 To make a foe a child !

Yes, grace has found the wond'rous means
 Which shall effectual prove ;
 To cleanse us from our countless sins,
 And teach our hearts to love.

Jesus for sinners undertakes,
 And dy'd that we may live ;
 His blood a full atonement makes,
 And cries aloud, " forgive."

Yet one thing more must grace provide,
 To bring us home to God ;
 Or we shall slight the Lord, who dy'd,
 And trample on his blood.

The Holy Spirit must reveal
 The Savior's work and worth ;
 Then the hard heart begins to feel
 A new and heav'nly birth.

Thus bought with blood, and born again,
 Redeem'd and sav'd by grace ;
 Rebels, in God's own house obtain
 A son's and daughter's place.

LXIX. SEVENS. HUMPHREYS

The Privileges of Adoption.

BLESSED are the sons of God ;
 They are bought with Jesus' blood ;
 They are ransom'd from the grave ;
 Life eternal they shall have,

God did love them in his Son
 Long before the world begun :
 They the seal of this receive
 When on Jesus they believe.

They are sav'd alone by grace ;
 They enjoy a solid peace ;
 All their sins are wash'd away ;
 They shall stand in God's great day :

They are lights upon the earth,
 Children of an heav'nly birth ;
 Born of God, they hate all sin ;
 God's pure seed remains within :

They have fellowship with God,
 Through the Mediator's blood ;
 One with God, with Jesus one ;
 Glory is in them begun :

Though they suffer much on earth,
 Strangers to the worldling's mirth ;
 Yet they have an inward joy,
 Pleasures that can never cloy.

These alone are truly blest---
 Heirs of God---joint-heirs with Christ :
 With them number'd may we be
 Here, and in eternity.

LXX. C. M. BROWNE.

Acceptance through Christ alone.

HOW shall I dare approach the Lord,
 And bow before his throne ?
 Or how procure his kind regard,
 And for my guilt atone ?

Shall *altars* flame, and victims bleed,
 And spicy fumes ascend ?
 Will these my earnest wish succeed,
 And make my God, my Friend ?

Should thousand *rams* in flames expire,
 Would these his favor buy ?
 Or *oil*, that should for holy fire,
 Ten thousand streams supply ?

With trembling hands and bleeding heart,
 Should I my *offspring* slay ;
 Would this a cheerful hope impart,
 Or purge my guilt away ?

Ah ! no, my soul, 'twere fruitless all,
 Such *victims* bleed in vain ;
 No fatlings, from the field nor stall,
 Such favor can obtain.

None, but a dying Savior's blood,
 Can all thy guilt remove :
 This plead, my soul, before thy God,
 And sing redeeming love.

LXXI. L. M. STEELE.

Life and Safety in Christ alone.

THOU only Sov'reign of my heart,
 My Refuge, my almighty Friend---
 And can my soul from thee depart,
 On whom alone my hopes depend ?

Whither, ah ! whither shall I go,
 A wretched wand'rer from my Lord ?
 Can this dark world of sin and woe
 One glimpse of happiness afford ?

Eternal life thy words impart,
 On these my fainting spirit lives ;
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
 Than all the round of nature gives.

Let earth's alluring joys combine,
 While thou art near, in vain they call ;
 One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
 My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

Thy name my inmost pow'rs adore,
 Thou art my life my joy my care :
 Depart from thee---'tis death,---'tis more !
 'Tis endless ruin, deep despair !

Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,
 For life, eternal life is thine.

LXXII. C. M. WATTS'S H.

The Robe of Righteousness.

A WAKE, my heart, arise my tongue,
 Prepare a tuneful voice,

In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine ;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

And lest the shadow of a spot,
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Savior wrought,
And cast it all around.

How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear !
These ornaments how bright they shine !
How white the garments are !

The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and ev'ry grace ;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness,

Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three !
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy pow'r's agree.

LXXIII. C. M. TOPLADY'S Col.

Sanctification.

JESUS, my life, thyself apply,
Thy quick'ning Spirit breathe :
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
 Thy work in me revive :
 Possess my soul, and reign within,
 And kill, and make alive.

More of thy life I wish to have,
 And thirst for fresh supplies :
 Bury me, Savior, in thy grave,
 That I with thee may rise.

Rule in me, Lord ; thy foes controul,
 Which would not own thy sway :
 Diffuse thy likeness through my soul,
 Shine to the perfect day.

O save me from the pow'r of sin,
 And seal me thine abode ;
 Thine Image stamp, and make me shine
 A temple meet for God.

My inward holiness thou art,
 Almighty to refine :
 With all thy fullness fill my heart,
 'Till all my heart is thine !

LXXIV. S. M. MORTON'S Col.

Perseverance.

THO' earth and satan rage
 Christ doth their pow'r controul ;
 His wisdom, love and truth engage
 Protection for the soul.

Believers ne'er shall yield,
 But shall prevail at length ;
 For Jesus is their sun and shield,
 Their righteousness, and strength.

Their Captain and their King
Will put their foes to flight---
Ye ransom'd, midst the battle, sing,
And triumph while you fight.

LXXV. S. M. WATTS'S H.

Another.

TO God, the only wise,
Our Savior and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

He will present his saints
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around his throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

To our redeeming God
Wisdom and pow'r belongs ;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

LXXVI. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Security of Christ's Sheep.

MY soul with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks ;

No angel's harp such music yields,
As what my shepherd speaks.

" I know my sheep," he cries,
" My soul approves them well :
" Vain is the treach'rous world's disguise,
" And vain the rage of hell.

" I freely feed them now
" With tokens of my love,
" But richer pastures I prepare,
" And sweeter streams above.

" Unnumber'd years of bliss
" I to my sheep will give ;
" And, while my throne unshaken stands,
" Shall all my chosen live.

" This tried Almighty *hand*
" Is rais'd for their defence :
" Where is the pow'r shall reach them there ?
" Or what shall force them thence ?"

Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let faith triumphant cry ;
My heart can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die.

LXXVII. C. M. MORTON.

God on the side of his People.

ERE Chaos into order mov'd,
Or Adam's faith was try'd ;
The everlasting cov'nant prov'd
God on his people's side.

With joy they recollect the day
 The dear Redeemer dy'd ;
 For saints can view the scene, and say,
 The Lord was on their side.

Stopp'd in a mad career of sin,
 For mercy they apply'd ;
 O what a change took place within !---
 The Lord was on their side.

Let doubts and fears, their peace assail,
 Let foes their hope deride :
 Doubts, fears, and foes shall ne'er prevail---
 The Lord is on their side.

When wealth, when health, when strength
 In God may they confide ; [withdraws,
 And fear no evil then, because
 The Lord is on their side.

Soon Jesus' beauties they shall view,
 With all the glorified,
 And find the sacred record true,
 " God's on his people's side."

LXXVIII. L. M. WATTS, altered.

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

NOW to the Lord a grateful song !
 Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue :
 Hosanna to th' eternal name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim.

See where it shines in Jesus' face,
 The brightest Image of his grace ;
 God, in the person of his Son,
 Has all his mightiest works outdone.

The spacious earth and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and pow'ful God ;
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.

But in his look ^sa glory stands,
The noblest labor of thy hands !
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
Exult, my soul, at Jesus' name !
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground !

Oh that we all may reach the place
Where he reveals his lovely face !
There all his beauties to behold
And sing his name to harps of gold !

INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

LXXIX. C. M. TOPLADY'S Col.

Sinners Invited.

OH what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found !
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here :
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

Draw near, with all your wants and wounds ;
 Your ev'ry burden bring !
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds ;
 A deep, celestial spring.

“ Whoever will ” (oh, gracious word !)
 Shall of this stream partake :
 Come, thirsty souls, and blefs the Lord,
 And drink for Jesus' sake.

This spring with living water flows,
 And living joy imparts :
 Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
 And drink with thankful hearts.

Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace :
 Come then, and prove its virtues too ;
 And drink, adore, and blefs.

LXXX. C. M. CENNICK.

Another.

COME, guilty souls, and flee away
 To Christ, and heal your wounds ;
 This is the welcome gospel day
 Wherein free grace abounds.

God lov'd the church, and gave his Son
 To drink the cup of wrath :
 And Jesus faith he'll cast out none
 That come to him by faith.

LXXXI. L. M. WHITEFIELD'S Col.

Another.

H^O! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh ;
 Salvation suits the sinner's case ;

Mercy and free salvation buy ;
 Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

Nothing ye in exchange may give ;
 Leave all ye have and are behind ;
 Freely the gift of God receive ,
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

For Sinners Jesus deign'd to bleed,
 And sinners in his kingdom share ;
 Who comes as such, and feels his need,
 Shall find a kind reception there.

LXXXII. Sevens. MORTON'S Col.

Another.

CHRIST hath blessings to impart,
 Grace to save thee from thy fears :
 O the love that fills his heart !---
 Sinner, wipe away thy tears.

Why art thou afraid to come ?
 Why afraid to tell thy case ?
 He will not pronounce thy doom ;
 Smiles are seated on his face.

Tho' his *majesty* be great,
 Yet his *mercy* is no less :
 Tho' he thy transgressions hate,
 Jesus feels for thy distress.

Raise thy downcast eyes, and see,
 Numbers do his throne surround ;
 These were sinners once, like thee,
 But have full salvation found.

Yield not then to unbelief,
 Courage soul ! " there yet is room !"
 Tho' of sinners thou art chief,
 Come, thou burden'd sinner come.

LXXXIII. S. M. WATTS'S H.

Another.

THE Lord on high proclaims
 His Godhead from his throne ;
 " Justice and Mercy are the names
 " Whereby I will be known :
 " Ye dying souls, that sit
 " In darkness and distress,
 " Look from the borders of the pit
 " To my recov'ring grace."
 Sinners shall hear the sound ;
 Their thankful tongues shall own,
 " Our righteousness and strength are found
 " In thee, O Lord, alone."
 In thee shall Isr'el trust,
 And see their guilt forgiv'n :
 God shall pronounce the sinners just,
 And take the saints to heav'n.

LXXXIV. Helmsley T. HART.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity join'd with pow'r:---
 He is able,
 He is willing : doubt no more.

Let not conscience make you linger,

Nor of fitness fondly dream ;

All the fitness he requireth,

Is to feel your need of him :

This he gives you ;

'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,

Lost and ruin'd by the fall ;

If you tarry till you're better,

You will never come at all :

Not the righteous,

Sinners Jesus came to call.

View him prostrate in the garden ;

On the ground your Savior lies !

On the bloody tree behold him ;

Hear him cry, before he dies,

" It is *finish'd* : "

Sinner, will not *this* suffice ?

Lo, th' incarnate God ascended,

Pleads the virtue of his blood :

Venture on him, venture wholly,

Let no other trust intrude ;

None but Jesus

Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and angels join'd in concert,

Sing the praises of the Lamb :

While the blissful seats of heav'n

Sweetly echo with his name :

Hallelujah !

Sinners, *here*, may sing the same.

LXXXV. As the 148th. TOPLADY'S Col.

The Jubilee.

BLLOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound !
 Let all the nations know
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of *jubilee* is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye, who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above ;
 Shall have it back, unbought,
 The *gift* of Jesus' love :
 The year of *jubilee* is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive ;
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live :
 The year of *jubilee* is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pard'ning grace :
 Ye happy souls, draw near,
 Behold your Savior's face :
 The year of *jubilee* is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Jesus our great High Priest
 Has full atonement made :
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad !
 The year of *jubilee* is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

LXXXVI. II. Broughton T. RIPPON'S Sel.
Precious Promises.

HOW firm a foundation, ye faints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word ;
 What more can he say than to you he hath said ?
 You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

In ev'ry condition, in sickness in health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea.
 ' As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

' Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
 ' I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
 ' I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 ' Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

' When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
 ' The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;
 ' For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
 ' And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.

' When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 ' My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
 ' The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
 ' Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

' Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
 ' My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
 ' And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 ' Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be born.

' The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
 ' I will not, I cannot, desert to his foes ;
 ' That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
 ' I'll never---no never---no never forsake.'

LXXXVII. L. M. FAWCETT.

As thy Days, so shall thy strength be.

AFFLICTED faint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Savior's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engag'd, by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore afflictions, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.

When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

THE INCARNATION, LIFE, SUFFER-
INGS, DEATH, RESURRECTION,
ASCENSION, AND EXALTATION OF
CHRIST.

LXXXVIII. Sevens. TURNER.

HOLY wonder, heav'nly grace,
Come, inspire our humble lays,
While the Savior's love we sing,
Whence our hopes and comforts spring.

Man, involv'd in guilt and woe,
Touch'd his tender bosom so,
That, when justice death demands,
Forth the great Deliv'rer stands ;

Cries to God, " thy mercy shew,
" Lo ! I come thy will to do ;
" I the sacrifice will be,
" Death shall plunge his dart in me."

Tho' the form of God he bore,
Great in glory, great in pow'r,
See him in our flesh array'd,
Lower than his angels made.

He that heav'n itself possess'd,
Now an infant at the breast !
Angels from the world above,
See and sing th' amazing love !

Thro' the shining hours of day,
Toil and danger mark his way ;
Lonely mounts, and chilling air,
Witness oft his midnight pray'r.

Now the heav'nly Lover dies !
 Darknefs veils the mid-day skies !
 Angels round the bloody tree,
 Throng and gaze in ecstasy !

Pow'r unseen earth's bosom heaves,
 Rocks and tombs asunder cleave ;
 While the Temple's rending veil
 Tells the priest the awful tale.

But, the third day's dawning come,
 Lo ! the Savior leaves the tomb !
 Reascends his native sky,
 Where he lives no more to die.

On his cross he builds his throne,
 Whence he makes his glories known,
 Sends his Spirit down to give,
 Dying sinners grace to live.

LXXXIX. C. M. WATTS'S P.

Behold he comes,

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
 Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue :
 His new discover'd grace demands
 A new and noble song.

Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
 God's own Almighty Son ;
 His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
 And grace surrounds his throne.

Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
 Joy thro' the earth be seen ;
 Let cities shine in bright array,
 And fields in cheerful green.

Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea :
Ye mountains, sink, ye vallies rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

Behold he comes! he comes to bless
The nations as their God ;
To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear !

XC. C. M. MEDLEY.

The Incarnation of Christ.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the pleasing lay ;
Joy, love and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Thro' all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

Swift thro' the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heav'n could hold.

Down thro' the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song :
 Good-will and peace are heard throughout
 Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.

O for a glance of heav'nly love
 Our hearts and ~~souls~~ to raise ;
 Sweetly to bear our souls above,
 And mingle with their lays.

Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail !
 Redeemer, Brother, Friend !
 'Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.

XCI. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Birth of Christ.

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
 And join th' angelic throng ;
 For angels no such love have known
 T' awake a cheerful song.

Good-will to guilty men is shewn,
 And peace on earth is giv'n ;
 For lo ! th' incarnate Savior comes,
 With messages from heav'n.

Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
 His rising beams adorn :
 Let heav'n and earth in concert join ;
 The promis'd child is born.

Glory to God in highest strains,
 In highest worlds be paid ;

His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

When shall we reach those blissful realms,
Where Christ exalted reigns ;
And learn of the celestial choir,
Their own immortal strains ?

XCII. 8, 7, 4. Lewes T. ROBINSON.

Praise to the Redeemer.

MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May a sinner sing thy name ?

Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art ev'ry creature's theme.

Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

Lord of ev'ry land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days ;
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise.
Hallelujah, &c.

Did archangels sing thy coming ?
Did the Shepherds learn their lays ?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
Hallelujah, &c.

From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe ;
All to ransom guilty captives,
' Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
Hallelujah, &c.

H

Go return immortal Savior,
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
 Thence return, and reign for ever,
 Be the kingdom all thine own.
 Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

XCIH. S. M. TAYLOR'S COL.

*He took not on him the Nature of Angels; but
 he took on him the Seed of Abraham.*

NOW let the Saints declare
 The praises of their King :
 Bound by ten thousand ties they are,
 His wond'rous love to sing.

Not angels round the throne
 Of majesty above,
 Are half so much oblig'd, as we,
 To our Immanuel's love.

They never sunk so low ;
 They are not rais'd so high :
 They never knew such depths of woe,
 Such heights of majesty !

Less favor'd were the pow'rs,
 Who in his Image stood :
 Their crowns are cheaper far than our's,
 Nor cost the Lamb his blood.

The Savior did not join
 Their nature to his own :
 For them he felt no pangs divine,
 Nor breath'd a single groan.

May we with Angels vie,
 The Savior to adore :
 Our debts are greater far than theirs ;
 O be our payments more !

XCIV. L. M. WATTS'S H.

The Deity and Humanity of Christ.

ERE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad
 From everlasting was the Word ;
 With God he was ; the Word was God,
 And must divinely be ador'd.

By his own pow'r all things were made ;
 By him supported all things stand ;
 He is the whole creation's Head,
 And angels fly at his command.

Ere sin was born, or satan fell,
 He led the host of morning stars ;
 (Thy generation who can tell,
 Or count the number of thy years ?)

But lo, he leaves those heav'nly forms ;
 The Word descends and dwells in clay,
 That he may hold converse with worms,
 Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.

Mortals with joy beheld his face,
 Th' eternal Father's only Son ;
 How full of truth ! how full of grace !
 When thro' his eyes the Godhead shone !

Archangels leave their high abode,
 To learn new myst'ries here, and tell
 The love of our descending God,
 The glories of Immanuel !

XCV. C. M. WATTS'S H.

Christ's Commission.

COME, happy souls, approach your God,
 With new melodious songs ;
 Come, tender to almighty grace
 The tribute of your tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the love,
 That pity'd dying men,
 The Father sent his equal Son,
 To give them life again.

Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
 With a revenging rod ;
 No hard commission to perform
 The veng'ance of a God.

But all was mercy, all was mild,
 And wrath forsook the throne,
 When Christ on the kind errand came,
 And brought Salvation down.

Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds ;
 And wipe your sorrows dry ;
 Trust in the mighty Savior's name,
 And you shall never die.

XCVI. L. M. WATTS'S H.

Christ's Miracles.

BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive !
 Behold, the dead awake and live !
 The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
 Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own,
 And seal the mission of the Son;
 The Father vindicates his cause,
 While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

He dies; the heav'ns in mourning stood;
 He rises; and appears a God:
 Behold the Lord ascending high,
 No more to bleed, no more to die!

Hence and for ever from my heart,
 I bid my doubts and fears depart:
 And to those hands my soul resign,
 Which bear credentials so divine.

XCVII. C. M. WATTS'S H.

Hosanna to Christ.

HOSANNA to the royal Son
 Of David's antient line!
 His natures two, his person one,
 Mysterious and divine.

The root of David, here we find,
 And off-spring, are the same:
 Eternity and time are join'd
 In our Immanuel's name.

Blest he that comes to wretched man,
 With peaceful news from heav'n!
 Hosannas, of the highest strain,
 To Christ the Lord be giv'n.

Should we, dear Lord, refuse to take
 Th' hosanna on our tongues,
 The rocks and stones would rise and break
 Their silence into songs.

XCVIII. C. M. SWAIN.

The Love of Christ.

A Friend there is---your voices join,
 Ye Saints, to praise his name !---
 Whose truth and kindness are divine,
 Whose love's a constant flame.

When most we need his helping hand,
 This friend is always near ;
 With heav'n and earth at his command,
 He waits to answer pray'r.

His love no end or measure knows,
 No change can turn its course ;
 Immutably the same it flows
 From one eternal source.

When frowns appear to veil his face,
 And clouds surround his throne,
 He hides the purpose of his grace,
 To make it better known.

And, if our dearest comforts fall
 Before his sov'reign will,
 He never takes away our *all*,---
 Himself he gives us still !

Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
 And measures out our pains ;
 The wildest storm his word obeys,
 His word its rage restrains !

XCIX. C. M. WATTS'S H.

The Compassion of Christ.

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay ;

Without one chearful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace,
Beheld our helpless grief :
He saw, and (O amazing love !)
He ran to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled ;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains :
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills,
Their lasting silence break !
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Savior's praises speak.

Angels ! assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

C. C. M. *Altered by* TOPLADY.

Christ's Obedience.

FATHER, we sing thy wond'rous grace,
We bless our Savior's name ;
He brought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

His deep distress has raised us high,
 His duty and his zeal
 Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
 And finish'd all thy will.

Through his obedience so complete,
 Peace is to sinners giv'n ;
 Mercy and truth together met,
 When he came down from heav'n.

This shall thy humble foll'wers see,
 And set their hearts at rest ;
 They, by his death, draw near to thee,
 And live for ever blest.

Grief, like a garment, cloath'd him round,
 And sackcloth was his dress,
 While he wrought out for naked souls
 A robe of righteousness.

May our incarnate God and King
 Our sweetest thoughts employ !
 And we his endless praises sing
 In palaces of joy !

CL. L. M. WATTS'S P.

The Sufferings of Christ.

NOW let our mournful songs record
 The dying sorrows of our Lord,
 When he complain'd in tears of blood,
 As one forsaken of his God.

The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
 And shook their heads, and laugh'd in scorn ;
 " He rescu'd others from the grave,
 " Now let him try himself to save.

“ This is the man did once pretend
 “ God was his father and his friend ;
 “ If God the blessed lov’d him so,
 “ Why doth he fail to help him now ?”

Barbarous people! cruel priests!
 How they stood round like savage beasts ;
 Like lions gaping to devour,
 When God had left him in their pow’r.

They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
 ’Till streams of blood each other meet ;
 By lot his garments they divide,
 And mock the pangs in which he dy’d.

But God his Father, heard his cry :
 Rais’d from the dead, he reigns on high ;
 The nations learn his righteousness,
 And humble sinners taste his grace.

CII. C. M. SWAIN.

The Patience of Christ.

CHRIST knows the heights of heav’nly bliss,
 The depths of earthly woe ;
 Acquainted well our Jesus is
 With all the griefs we know.

Thrice, holy Lord! in heav’n they cry,
 When Jesus’ praise they sing ;
 On earth they shouted---“ crucify !”
 And mock’d the lowly King.

Alike unmov’d, he bends to wear
 Heav’n’s praises as his crown ;
 Unmov’d alike, he stands to bear
 On earth his creatures’ frown!

Meek as a lamb beneath the knife
Of butch'ring hands he lay ;
And patiently resign'd the life
They could not take away.

Why, O ye saints, ye sinners, why
Did Jesus suffer thus ?
In heav'n they shout---on earth they cry---
" Jesus was slain for us !"

CIII. C. M. STENNETT.

The Thief converted.

AS on the cross the Savior hung,
And pray'd, and bled, and dy'd,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch
That languish'd at his side.

His crimes with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd ;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his pray'r address'd :

" Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heav'n,
" Thou spotless Lamb of God,
" I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
" And welt'ring in thy blood.

" Yet quickly from these scenes of woe
" In triumph thou shalt rise,
" Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death,
" And shine above the skies.

" Amid the glory of that world,
" Dear Savior, think on me ;
" And in the vict'ries of thy death
" Let me a sharer be."

His pray'r the dying Jesus hears,
 And instantly replies,
 " To-day thy parting soul shall be,
 " With me in paradise."

CIV. L. M. STEELE

A dying Savior.

STRETCH'D on the cross the Savior dies;
 Hark! his expiring groans arise!
 See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide!

But life attends the deathful sound,
 And flows from every bleeding wound;
 The vital stream, how free it flows,
 To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

To suffer in the traitor's place,
 To die for man, surprising grace!
 Yet pass rebellious angels by---
 O why for man, dear Savior, why?

And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed?
 And could the sun behold the deed?
 No, he withdrew his fainting ray,
 And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

Can I survey this scene of woe,
 Where mingling grief and wonder flow!
 And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
 Insensible to love or pain?

Come, dearest Lord, thy pow'r impart,
 To warm this cold this stupid heart;
 'Till all its pow'rs, and passions move
 In melting grief, and ardent love.

CV. Chatham T. WHITEFIELD, *altered.**It is finished.*

'TIS finish'd, the Redeemer said;
 Then meekly bow'd his dying head,
 Releas'd from all his pain;
 Oh how important is the word!
 It shews the conquest of our Lord
 Complete for helpless man.

Finish'd---the righteousness of grace;
 Finish'd---the work which brought us peace;
 The sinner's debt is paid;
 Th' accusing law cancell'd by blood;
 The wrath of an offended God
 Is in oblivion laid.

Who now shall urge a second claim?
 The law cannot the saint condemn;
 Faith a release can shew;
 Justice itself his friend appears;
 The prison-house a whisper hears---
 "Loose him, and let him go."

O unbelief, injurious bar,
 Source of tormenting fruitless fear,
 Why dost thou yet reply?
 Where'er thy loud objections fall,
 'Tis *finish'd*---still may answer all,
 And silence ev'ry cry.

CVI. C. M. STENNETT, *altered.**The Attraction of the Cross.*

YONDER---amazing sight!---I see
 Th' incarnate son of God,

Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.

Behold the purple torrents run
Down from his hands and head :
The crimson tide puts out the sun ;
His groans awake the dead.

The trembling earth, the darken'd sky
Proclaim the truth aloud !
And with th' amaz'd Centurion cry,
" *This is the Son of God.*"

So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive :
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure must live.

O that these cords of love divine,
Might draw me, Lord, to thee !
O take my heart, may it be thine---
Thine may it ever be.

CVII. L. M. STEELE.

Christ dying and Rising.

COME tune, ye faints, your noblest strains,
Your dying, rising Lord to sing ;
And echo to the heav'nly plains,
The triumphs of your Savior King.

In songs of grateful rapture tell
How he subdu'd your potent foes ;
Subdu'd the pow'rs of death and hell,
And, dying, finish'd all your woes.

Then to his glorious throne on high
 Return'd while hymning angels round,
 Through the bright arches of the sky,
 The God, the conqu'ring God, resound.

Almighty love, victorious pow'r !
 Not angel-tongues can e'er display
 The wonders of that dreadful hour,
 The joys of that illustrious day.

Then well may mortals try in vain,
 In vain their feeble voices raise ;
 Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,
 And kindly owns our wish to praise.

Dear Savior, let thy wond'rous grace
 Fill ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
 'Till the full glories of thy face
 Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.

CVIII. 8. WATTS'S L.

Christ Dying, Rising, and Reigning.

HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
 Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !
 A solemn darkness veils the skies !
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood !

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for man !
 But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
 Jesus from death revives again !

The rising God forsakes the tomb !
 Up to his father's court he flies ;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies !

Break off your fears, ye saints and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns !
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster, death, in chains !
 Say, " Live for ever, wond'rous King,
 " Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
 Then ask the monster, " Where's thy fling ?
 " And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?"

CIX. L. M. HART, *altered*,

The Resurrection of Christ.

U PRISING from the darksome tomb,
 See the victorious Jesus come !
 The great Redeemer quits the pris'n,
 And angels tell, " The Lord is ris'n."

Ye mourning saints, no longer grieve ;
 Hear the glad tidings, and believe :
 God's holy law is satisfy'd,
 And justice, now, is on your side.

In guilt's dark dungeon when ye lay,
 Mercy cry'd " Spare," and justice " Slay ;
 But Jesus answer'd, " Set them free,
 " And pardon *them*, and punish *me*."

Your surety, now, before your God,
 Pleads the rich ransom of his blood ;
 No new demands, no bar remains,
 But mercy, all-triumphant, reigns.

Believers, bless your risen Head,
 The First-Begotten of the dead ;
 Your resurrection's sure thro' his,
 To endless life, and boundless bliss.

CX. L. M. PEACOCK.

The Risen Savior.

BLEST angels aid us with your song,
 To whom sublimer notes belong ;
 Your golden harps, and voices join,
 To sing Immanuel's love divine.

Lo, he who on the cross was slain,
 En-thron'd in glory lives again !
 At once he bursts death's fatal bands,
 In vain, the pow'r of hell withstands.

With songs of joy address his name,
 His vict'ries, and his love proclaim ;
 Sing, how he conquer'd when he fell ;
 And vanquish'd sin, and death, and hell.

We in his vict'ries shall partake ;
 He gain'd those triumphs for our sake,
 Immortal praises to the Lamb,
 Who death, by his own death o'ercame.

Saints, shout with joy your risen Lord ;
 And spread his boundless love abroad.
 Let ev'ry heart the Savior bless,
 And ev'ry tongue his name confess.

CXI. Sevens. EVANS's Col.

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

ANGELS, roll the rock away,
 Death, yield up thy mighty prey :

See ! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

'Tis the Savior, angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

Now, ye faints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph to the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

Heav'n displays her portals wide,
Glorious Hero, through them ride ;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's and thy own.

Praise him all ye heav'nly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres ;
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.

Ev'ry note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell ;
Where is hell's once dreaded king ?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting ?

Hallelujah.

CXII. C. M. WATTS'S H.

Another.

HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That cloath'd himself in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

Death is no more the king of dread,
 Since our Immanuel rose ;
 He took the tyrant's sting away,
 And spoil'd our hellish foes.

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
 And to his Father flies,
 With scars of honor in his flesh,
 And triumph in his eyes.

There our exalted Savior reigns,
 And scatters blessings down ;
 Our Jesus fills the middle seat
 Of the celestial throne.

Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
 To reach his blest abode ;
 Sweet be the accents of your songs
 To our incarnate God.

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
 Your sweetest voices raise ;
 Let heav'n and all created things
 Sound our Immanuel's praise.

CXIII. Sevens. HART.

Another.

CHRIST is risen from the dead !
 Risen as his church's Head :
 He who did for sin atone,
 Now is seated on his throne.

Heav'n its King congratulates,
 Opens wide its golden gates :
 Angels songs of triumph sing :
 All the blissful regions ring.

“ Hail, thou dear almighty Lord !
 “ Hail, thou great Incarnate Word !
 “ Thou alone the wine-press trod ;
 “ Hail, triumphant Son of God !

CXIV. L. M. MEDLEY.

Christ lives no more to die.

HE lives, he lives, no more to die !
 He lives, the Lord, enthron'd on high !
 He lives, triumphant o'er the grave !
 He lives, eternally to save !

He lives, to still his people's fears !
 He lives, to wipe away their tears !
 He lives, to calm their troubl'd heart !
 He lives, all blessings to impart !

He lives, all glory to his name !
 He lives, unchangeably the same !
 He lives, their mansions to prepare !
 He lives, to bring them safely there !

CXV. L. M.

Christ's Ascension.

THE Lord is risen from the dead ;
 The Savior is gone up on high :
 The hosts of hell are captive led ;
 His foes beneath his footstool lie.

The mighty King, in solemn state,
 Ascends towards the realms of day :
 “ Lift up your head, each heav'nly gate !
 “ Ye everlasting doors, give way !

“ Unfold, ye gates, the scenes of light,
 “ To him who slew the monster sin ;
 “ He claims those mansions as his right ;
 “ Receive the King of glory in.”

“ Who is this King of glory, who ?”
 “ The Lord, that all his foes o’ercame ;
 “ Who sin, and death, and hell o’erthrew,
 “ And Jesus is the conqueror’s name.”

The mighty King, in solemn state,
 Ascends towards the realms of day :
 “ Lift up your head, each heav’nly gate !
 “ Ye everlasting doors, give way !”

“ Who is this King of glory, who ?”
 “ Jesus, of boundless pow’r possessor ;
 “ The King of saints and angels too,
 “ God over all, for ever blest.”

CXVI. S. M. WATTS’S H.

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

COME, all harmonious tongues,
 Your noblest music bring,
 ’Tis Christ the everlasting God,
 And Christ the Man, we sing.

Tell how he took our flesh,
 To take away our guilt ;
 Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
 That hellish monsters spilt.

Alas ! the cruel spear
 Went deep into his side,
 And the rich flood of purple gore
 Their murd’rous weapons dy’d.

The waves of swelling grief
 Did o'er his bosom roll,
 And mountains of almighty wrath
 Lay heavy on his soul.

Down to the shades of death
 He bow'd his awful head ;
 Yet he arose to live and reign
 When death itself is dead.

No more the bloody spear,
 The cross and nails no more ;
 For hell itself shakes at his name,
 And all the heav'ns adore.

There his full glories shine
 With uncreated rays,
 And bless his saints and angels eyes
 To everlasting days.

CXVII. L. M. WATTS'S H.

The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ.

WHAT equal honors shall we bring
 To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb ;
 Since all the notes that angels sing,
 Are far inferior to thy name ?

Worthy is he, that once was slain,
 The Prince of Peace, that groan'd and dy'd ;
 Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
 - At his Almighty Father's side.

Pow'r and dominion are his due,
 Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar :
 Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
 Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.

All riches are his native right,
 Yet he sustain'd amazing loss :
 To him ascribe eternal might,
 Who left his weakness on the cross.

Honor immortal must be paid,
 Instead of scandal and of scorn :
 While glory shines around his head,
 And a bright crown, without a thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
 Who bore our sins, and curse, and pain :
 Let angels sound his sacred name,
 And ev'ry creature say, Amen !

CXVIII. C. M. HILL's Col.

Jesus seen of Angels.

BEYOND the glitt'ring starry skies,
 Far as th' eternal hills,
 There, in the boundless worlds of light,
 Our dear redeemer dwells.

Immortal angels strong and fair,
 In countless armies shine ;
 At his right-hand with golden harps
 They offer songs divine.

“ Hail, Prince !” they cry, “ for ever hail !
 “ Whose unexampled love
 “ Mov'd thee to quit these glorious realms,
 “ And royalties above.”

Through all his travels here below,
 They did his steps attend ;
 Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd where at last
 The scene of love would end.

They saw his heart tranfix'd with wounds,
 His crimson sweat and gore :
 They saw him break the bars of death,
 Which none e'er broke before.

They brought his chariot from above,
 To bear him to his throne ;
 Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cry'd,
 " The glorious work is done."

CXIX. C. M. WATTS'S P.

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
 And near thy Father sit :
 In Zion shall thy pow'r be known,
 And make thy foes submit.

What wonders shall thy gospel do!
 Thy converts shall surpass
 The num'rous drops of morning-dew,
 And own thy sov'reign grace.

God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
 Nor changes what he swore ;
 " Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 " When Aaron is no more.

" Melchisedek, that wond'rous priest,
 " That King of high degree,
 " That holy man who Abra'm blest,
 " Was but a type of thee."

Jesus our Priest for ever lives
 To plead for us above ;
 Jesus our King for ever gives
 The blessings of his love.

God shall exalt his glorious head,
 And his high throne maintain ;
 Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead
 Who dare oppose his reign.

CXX. 8. COUGHLAIN'S Col.

The unsearchable Riches of Christ.

HOW shall I my Savior set forth ?
 How shall I his beauties declare ?
 O how shall I speak of his worth,
 Or what his chief dignities are !
 His angels can never express,
 Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
 How rich are his treasures of grace ;---
 No ! this is a mystery unknown.

In him all the fulness of God,
 For ever transcendently shines ;
 The Father's Anointed he stood
 To finish his gracious designs :
 Tho' once he was nail'd to the cross,
 Vile rebels like me to set free,
 His glory sustained no loss,
 Eternal his kingdom shall be.

His wisdom, his love, and his pow'r,
 Seem'd then with each other to vie,
 When sinners he stoop'd to restore,
 Poor sinners condemned to die !
 He laid all his grandeur aside,
 And dwelt in a cottage of clay :
 Poor sinners he lov'd till he dy'd
 To wash their pollutions away.

O sinners, believe and adore
 This Savior so rich to redeem!
 No creature can ever explore
 The treasures of goodness in him:
 Come, all ye who see yourselves lost
 And feel yourselves burden'd with sin,
 Draw near while with terror you're tofs'd,
 Believe, and your peace shall begin.

CXXI. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The Keys of Death, and the unseen World in
 Christ's Hand.*

HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,
 Who holds the keys of death and hell!
 The spacious world unseen is his,
 And sov'reign pow'r becomes him well.

In shame and torment once he dy'd;
 But now he lives for evermore:
 Bow down, ye saints, around his seat,
 And, all ye angel-bands, adore.

So live for ever, glorious Lord,
 To crush thy foes, and guard thy friends;
 While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
 That thy dominion never ends.

Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
 Guided by wisdom, and by love;
 Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
 O'er worlds below, and worlds above.

When death thy servants shall invade,
 When pow'rs of hell thy church annoy,
 Controul'd by thee, their rage shall help
 The cause they labour'd to destroy.

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For ever reign, victorious King :
 Wide thro' the earth thy name be known ;
 And call my longing soul to sing
 Sublimar anthems near thy throne.

CXXII. C. M. WATTS'S H.

The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

OH, the delights, the heav'nly joys,
 The glories of the place,
 Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
 Of his o'erflowing grace.

Sweet majesty and awful love
 Sit smiling on his bow,
 And all the glorious ranks above
 At humble distance bow.

Princes to his imperial name
 Bend their bright sceptres down :
 Dominions, thrones and pow'rs rejoice
 To see him wear the crown.

Archangels sound his lofty praise
 Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street,
 And lay their highest honors down
 Submissive at his feet.

Those soft, those blessed feet of his
 That once rude iron tore,
 High on a throne of light they stand,
 And all the saints adore.

His head, the dear majestic head
 That cruel thorns did wound,
 See what immortal glories shine,
 And circle it around !

This is th' eternal Son of God
Whom we, unseen, adore :
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

OFFICES AND CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

CXXIII. C. M. TOPLADY.

Christ our Advocate.

A WAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
Th' ascended Savior's love :
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

With cries and tears he offer'd up
His humble suit below ;
But with authority he asks,
Enthron'd in glory now.

For all that come to God by him,
Salvation he demands ;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.

His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim :
" Father, I will that all my saints
" Be with me where I am :

" By their salvation, recompence
" The sorrows I endur'd ;
" Just to the merits of thy Son,
" And faithful to thy word."

Eternal life, at his request,
To every faint is giv'n :
Safety on earth, and after death,
The plenitude of heav'n.

Founded on right, thy pray'r avails,
The Father smiles on thee ;
And now thou in thy kingdom art
Dear Lord, remember me.

CXXIV. C. M. MORTON.

Christ the Captain of his People.

FOES full of might and malice stand
To each believer's view ;
Lord, take thy conqu'ring sword in hand ;
Go forward, and subdue.

And as the fight will day by day
With vigor be renew'd,
Lord, drive thy people's foes away,
And keep their fears subdu'd.

And when the war is o'er they'll sing
The conquest of thy sword ;
And make the arch of heaven ring
With " Vict'ry to the Lord."

[*Christ the second Adam, see 31.*]

CXXV. L. M. WATTS'S H.

Christ my Beloved.

YES, my Beloved to my fight
Shews a sweet mixture, red and white :
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and shine.

White is his soul, from blemish free ;
 Red, with the blood he shed for me ;
 The fairest of ten thousand fairs ;
 A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

His head the finest gold excels :
 There wisdom in perfection dwells :
 And glory like a crown adorns
 Those temples once beset with thorns.

Compassions in his heart are found,
 Hard by the signals of his wounds :
 His sacred side no more shall bear
 The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.

His hands are fairer to behold
 Than di'monds set in rings of gold :
 Those heav'nly hands that on the tree
 Were nail'd and torn, and bled for me.

Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees,
 Loaded with sins and agonies ;
 Now on the throne of his command
 His legs like marble pillars stand.

His eyes are majesty and love,
 The Eagle temper'd with the dove ;
 No more shall trickling sorrows roll
 Thro' those dear windows of his soul.

His mouth that pour'd out long complaints ;
 Now smiles, and cheers its fainting fairs ;
 His countenance more graceful is
 Than Lebanon, with all its trees.

Completely glorious is my Lord ;
 By all the hosts of heav'n ador'd :
 His worth if all the nations knew,
 Sure the whole world would love him too !

CXXVI. C. M. WATTS'S H.

Christ the Bread of Life.

LET us adore th' eternal Word,
 'Tis he our souls has fed ;
 Thou art our living Stream, O Lord,
 And thou th' immortal Bread.

The manna came from lower skies,
 But Jesus from above,
 Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
 And rivers flow with love.

The Jews, the father's, dy'd at last,
 Who eat that heav'nly bread ;
 But these provisions which we taste
 Can raise us from the dead.

Bless'd be the Lord, that gives his flesh
 To nourish dying men ;
 And often spreads his table fresh,
 Lest we should faint again.

Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,
 While Jesus finds supplies :
 Nor shall our graces sink to death,
 For Jesus never dies.

Daily our mortal flesh decays,
 But Christ our life shall come ;
 His unresisted pow'r shall raise
 Our bodies from the tomb.

[*Bridegroom, see 253.*]CXXVII. C. M. PEACOCK, *altered.**Christ coming from Edom, &c.*

BEHOLD the mighty Savior comes
 From Edom's hostile plains !
 A crimson vesture he assumes ;
 And blood his raiment stains.

From Bozrah, glorious he appears :
 His robes with vict'ry shine :
 Complete salvation, lo he wears,
 With majesty divine !

Why thus array'd almighty God,
 In vests of purple glow ;
 With garments dy'd in streams of blood
 That from the wine-press flow ?

“ The wine-press I myself have trod ;
 “ And with me there was none :
 “ All strength, and all salvation stood,
 “ Complete in me alone.”

When none around the throne could bear
 The veng'ance of a God ;
 Then did the Son of Man appear
 In garments dipt in blood.---

Alone he stood, alone he fell,
 Alone the Conqu'ror rose,
 Alone he burst the bars of hell,
 And trampled on his foes.

[*David spiritual, see 53.*]

CXXVIII. L. M. MEDLEY.

Christ the Foundation.---The Rock.

ALL ye to whom the Savior's dear,
In songs of love and praise draw near ;
Let ev'ry chearful passion wake
While on your tongues his name you take.

On him, alone, his church is built,
He, only he, removes our guilt ;
To him alone, our praise we bring,
And him the great Foundation sing.

In him salvation stands secure ;
This strong foundation must endure ;
Stronger than death his love is known,
Nor can his church be overthrown.

In the eternal plan of grace
He undertook our wretched case,
Love how amazing, how divine,
Doth thro' the whole transaction shine!

He is the rock believers have,
Born to redeem and strong to save ;
He stoop'd to take our flesh and blood,
The wond'rous man, th' incarnate God.

In vain combined hosts assail,
Nor shall the gates of hell prevail,
Nor force, nor fraud, the building shock,
Founded on him th' eternal rock.

To Jesus let our songs abound,
And bless his name, in sweetest sound ;

Be this our song till him we view,
And this our theme in glory too.

~~[The smitten Rock, see 264.]~~

CXXIX. As the 104th. HART.

Fountain opened, &c.

THE fountain of Christ
Lord help us to to sing,
The blood of our Priest,
Our crucify'd King :
The fountain that cleanses
From sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses
Salvation and health.

This fountain unseal'd
Stands open for all
Who long to be heal'd,
The great and the small :
Here's strength for the weakly
That hither are led ;
Here's health for the sickly,
And life for the dead.

This fountain tho' rich,
From charge is quite clear,
The poorer the wretch
The welcomer here :
Come needy, and guilty,
Come loathsome, and bare ;
Tho' lep'rous and filthy,
Come just as you are.

This fountain in vain
Has never been try'd,

It takes out all stain
Whenever apply'd :
The fountain flows sweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely,
Tho' lep'rous as mine.

[*Christ a Friend, see 98.*]

[*Christ my Guide, see 210.*]

CXXX. C. M. WATTS'S H.

Christ our High Priest.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more,
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

They first their own burnt off'rings brought
To purge themselves from sin ;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears
Before the golden throne.

But Christ, by his own pow'rful blood,
Ascends above the skies ;
And, in the presence of our God,
Shews his own sacrifice.

Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Sion's heav'nly hill ;

Looks like a lamb that once was slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face ;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

CXXXI. L. M. BREWER.

Christ my Hiding-Place.

HAIL, sov'reign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man !
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a Hiding-Place.

Against the God who rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high ;
Despis'd his rich abounding grace,
Too proud to seek a Hiding-Place.

Enwrap'd in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness, more than light ;
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a Hiding-Place.

But thus th' eternal council ran :
" Almighty Love, arrest that man !"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no Hiding-Place.

Indignant justice stood in view :
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;
But Justice cry'd with frowning face,
" This mountain is no Hiding-Place.

E're long, an heav'nly voice I heard,
 And mercy's angel form appear'd :
 She led me on, with placid pace,
 To Jesus as my Hiding-Place.

Should storms of sev'n-fold thunder roll,
 And shake the globe from pole to pole ;
 No flaming bolt could daunt my face,
 For Jesus is my Hiding-Place.

On him almighty vengeance fell,
 That must have sunk a world to hell :
 He bore it for the chosen race,
 And thus became their Hiding-Place.

A few more rolling suns, at most,
 Will land me on fair Canaan's coast ;
 Where I shall sing the song of grace,
 And see my glorious Hiding-Place.

CXXXII. 8, 7. MEDLEY.

To Immanuel.

O Eternal, blessed Spirit,
 Now prepare our souls to sing ;
 Ye who know the Savior's merit,
 Now to him your praises bring :
 Gladly sing Immanuel's glory,
 Loudly sound his name on high ;
 Sing with all his love before ye,
 'Till your songs ascend the sky !

As Jehovah, now adore him,
 God, the Savior and the Son ;
 None in heaven is before him,
 There our triune God is one ;

All the hosts above are singing,
 Equal honors to his name ;
 Them we join in gladly bringing
 Our hosannas to his fame.

From his bright celestial mansion,
 Down to earth he took his way ;
 Mortals, sing his condescension,
 How he cloth'd himself in clay :
 Now with faith and love confess him,
 Who display'd salvation thus ;
 And in songs for ever blest him
 As Immanuel, God with us.

Yes, with holy joy and wonder,
 We his glorious deeds rehearse,
 Who, by dying still'd the thunder
 Of the laws tremendous curse :
 He who once on earth was bleeding,
 Fast'ned to the accursed tree,
 Lives in heaven, interceding,
 For such worms as you and me.

Glory, honor, praise and power,
 To the Lamb be ever paid ;
 Let new blessings ev'ry hour,
 Rest on his adored head :
 Thus, on earth, we list the story,
 Of his vast immortal love,
 'Till we tune our harps in glory,
 And his praises sing above.

ĈXXXIII. L. M. PEACOCK.

Christ the Image of God.

NOW in the face of Jesus, we
 God's brightest form of glory see ;
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Beaming with mild and heav'nly rays,
He all his Father's grace displays.

Blest Image of th' eternal God,
Here his rich glories blaze abroad ;
With a resplendent lustre shine
His pow'r, his truth, and love divine.

Of all creation the First-born,
Of all that heav'n's bright courts adorn ;
He as a Prince and Sov'reign reigns,
Almighty pow'r his throne sustains.

See Jesus our exalted Head,
By whom the heav'ns and earth were made ;
Subjected to his high command,
Thrones, kingdoms, and dominion, stand.

It pleas'd eternal Fulness well,
In Christ the Lord alone to dwell ;
From this rich Fountain freely flows
Complete relief for all our woes.

CXXXIV. C. M. NEWTON.

The Name Jesus.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
 Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

'Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With ev'ry fleeting breath;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

CXXXV. C. M. STEELE.

King of Saints.

COME, ye that love the Savior's name,
 And joy to make it known,
 The sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
 And bow before his throne.

Behold your King, your Savior crown'd
 With glories all divine;
 And tell the wond'ring nations round,
 How bright those glories shine.

Infinite pow'r, and boundless grace,
 In him unite their rays:
 You that have e'er beheld his face,
 Can you forbear his praise?

When in his earthly courts we view
 The glories of our King;
 We long to love as angels do,
 And wish like them to sing.

And shall we long and wish in vain?
 Lord teach our songs to rise!
 Thy love can animate the strain,
 And bid it reach the skies.

O happy period! glorious day!
 When heav'n and earth shall raise,
 With all their powr's, the raptur'd lay,
 To celebrate thy praise.

CXXXVI. L. M. G----- M.

Jesus our Kinsman----Our all.

JESUS, our Kinsman, and our God,
 Array'd in Majesty and blood,
 Thou art our life; our souls in thee
 Possess a full felicity.

All our immortal hopes are laid
 In thee our Surety and our Head;
 Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,
 Are big with glories, yet unknown.

O let our souls for ever lie
 Beneath the blessings of thine eye;
 'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
 To see thy face, to taste thy love.

CXXXVII. C. M. WATTS'S H.

To the Lamb,

COME, let us join the cheerful songs
 Of angels round the throne;

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

“ Worthy the Lamb that dy’d,” they cry,
“ To be exalted thus :”
“ Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
“ For he was slain for us.”

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow’r divine ;
And blessings, more than heav’n can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

CXXXVIII. 8, 7. *Altered by* MORTON.

Paschal Lamb.

PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
Loads of sin on thee were laid ;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made :
All thy people are forgiven,
Thro’ the virtue of thy blood :
Open’d is the gate of heaven ;
Peace is made ’twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail, enthron’d in glory,
There forever to abide !
All the heav’nly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father’s side :
For thy people thou art pleading ;
There thou dost their place prepare ;
Ever for them interceding ;
’Till in glory they appear.

Riches, honor, strength, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive :

Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for saints to give :
 All the bright angelic spirits
 Bring their sweetest, noblest lays ;
 Help to sing the Savior's merits ;
 Help to chant the Savior's praise.

Soon shall saints, with those in glory,
 His transcendent grace relate :
 Gladly sing th' amazing story
 Of the Savior's love so great :
 In that blessed contemplation
 They for evermore shall dwell :
 Crown'd with bliss and consolation,
 Such as none below can tell.

CXXXIX. C. M. WATTS'S H.

Moses and the Lamb.

HOW strong thine arm is, mighty God !
 Who would not fear thy name ?
 Jesus, how sweet thy graces are !
 Who would not love the Lamb ?

He hath done more than Moses did,
 Our Prophet and our King ;
 From wrath and hell, our souls he freed,
 And taught our lips to sing.

In the red sea, by Moses' hand,
 Th' Egyptian host was drown'd ;
 Our Jesus' blood hides all our sins,
 And guilt no more is found.

When through the desert Israel went,
 With manna they were fed ;

Our Lord 'invites us to himself,
The true, the living bread.

Moses beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place :
But Christ shall bring his children home,
To see their Father's face.

Then shall our hearts with joy o'erflow,
And feel a warmer flame ;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

CXL. L. M. NEEDHAM.

Messiah.

GLORY to God who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is love ;
Ye saints and angels, if ye can,
Declare the love of God to man.

O what can more his love commend,
His dear, his only Son to send !
That man, condemn'd to die, might live,
And God be glorious to forgive.

Messiah's come---with joy behold
The days by prophets long foretold :
Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke,
And time still proves what Jacob spoke.

Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,
The time prophetic seals requir'd ;
Cut off for sins, but not his own,
Thy Prince Messiah did atone.

Thy famous Temple, Solomon,
Is by the latter far out-shone :

It wanted not thy glitt'ring store,
Messiah's presence grac'd it more.

We see the prophecies fulfill'd
In Jesus that most wond'rous Child ;
His birth, his life, his death combine
To prove his Character divine.

Jesus, thy gospel firmly stands
A blessing to these favor'd lands :
No Infidel shall be our dread,
Since thou art risen from the dead.

CXLI. C. M.

Crown him Lord of All.

ALL-HAIL the great Immanuel's name !
Let angels prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of *all*.

Crown him ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's Rod,
And crown him Lord of *all*.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small ;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of *all*.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go---spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of *all*.

Babes, men, and fires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,

Now joy with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry kindred, every tribe,
On his terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall ;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

[*Melchisedick, see 119.*]

CXLII. L. M. STEELE.

The Great Physician.

YE mourning sinners, here disclose
Your deep complaints, your various woes;
Approach, 'tis Jesus, he can heal
The pains which mourning sinners feel.

To eyes long clos'd in mental night,
Strangers to all the joys of light,
His word imparts a blissful ray ;
Sweet morning of celestial day !

Ye helpless lame, lift up your eyes,
The Lord, the Savior bids you rise ;
New life and strength his voice conveys,
And plaintive groans are chang'd for praise.

Nor shall the leper, hopeless lie
Beneath the great Physician's eye ;
Sin's deepest pow'r his word controls,
That fatal leprosy of souls.

That hand divine, which can assuage
 The burning fever's restless rage ;
 That hand, omnipotent and kind,
 Can cool the fever of the mind.

When freezing palsy chills the veins,
 And pale, cold death already reigns :
 He speaks ; the vital powers revive ;
 He speaks, and dying sinners live.

Dear Lord, we wait thy healing hand ;
 Diseases fly at thy command ;
 O let thy sov'reign touch impart
 Life, strength, and health to ev'ry heart.

CXLIII. Sevens. WHITEFIELD'S Col.

Christ the Sinner's Refuge,

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high !
 Hide me, O my Savior, hide
 'Till the storm of life be past :
 Safe into the haven guide,
 And receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
 Leave, O leave me not alone !
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stay'd ;
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head,
 With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 Ev'ry good in thee I find :
 Thou canst chear my soul when faint,
 Ease the anguish of my mind.
 Just and holy is thy name---
 I am **all** unrighteousness :
 Vile, and full of sin, I am---
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Let me feel them flow within :
 Thou of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring **tho**^u up within **my** heart ;
 Rise to all eternity !

CXLIV. C. M. STEELE.

To the Redeemer.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name,
 Awake the sacred song !
 O may his love (immortal flame !)
 Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

His love, what mortal thought can reach ?
 What mortal tongue display ?
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 In wonder dies away.

He left his radiant throne on high,
 Left the bright realms of bliss,
 And came to earth to bleed and die !---
 Was ever love like this !

He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead ;
For man, (O miracle of grace !)
For man the Savior bled !

Dear Lord, what heav'nly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood ?
By this are sinners sav'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue ;
'Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

CXLV. L. M. PEACOCK.

The Price of our Redemption.

NOT all the treasures earth can boast,
Not all the costliest gems that shine ;
Could e'er redeem a sinner lost,
Could e'er atone the wrath divine.

It was before all worlds decreed
The spotless Lamb of God must bleed ;
Behold on the appointed day,
Jesus his wond'rous grace display.

Swift on the wings of heav'nly love,
See him descend from worlds above ;
See him almighty wrath atone,
And for our life gives up his own.

Behold he from the grave revives,
And now with God his Father lives ;
Glory his sacred head adorns,
Once wounded and beset with thorns.

Now crown'd with rays of majesty,
 Th' ascended Savior reigns on high ;
 Both heav'n and earth his empire own,
 By God exalted to his throne.

CXLVI. C.M. NEWTON.

Christ the Refuge, River, Rock, &c.

HE who on earth as man was known,
 And bore our sins and pains ;
 Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
 The God of glory reigns.

His hands the wheels of nature guide
 With an unerring skill ;
 And countless worlds extended wide,
 Obey his sov'reign will.

While harps unnumber'd sound his praise,
 In yonder world above ;
 His saints on earth admire his ways,
 And glory in his love.

His righteousness, to faith reveal'd,
 Wrought out for guilty worms ;
 Affords a hiding-place and shield,
 From enemies and storms.

This land, thro' which his pilgrims go,
 Is desolate and dry ;
 But streams of grace from him o'erflow
 Their thirst to satisfy.

When troubles like a burning sun,
 Beat heavy on their head ;
 To this almighty Rock they run,
 And find a pleasing shade.

How glorious he ! how happy they
 In such a glorious friend !
 Whose love secures them all the way,
 And crowns them at the end.

CXLVII. HILL's Col.

Christ our Ransom and Surety.

ALL ye that pass by,
 To Jesus draw nigh,
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
 Our ransom and peace,
 Our surety he is,
 Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.

The Lord, in the day
 Of his anger, did lay
 Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away :
 He dy'd to atone
 For sins not his own :
 The Father hath punish'd for us his dear Son.

Come, lift up your eyes,
 At Jesus's cries,
 Behold how he suffers ! how patient he dies !
 For sinners like me
 He died on the tree ;
 His death is accepted, the sinner is free.

O may we approve
 This wonderful love !
 A wonder to all, both below and above !
 Love mov'd him to die ;
 This therefore we cry,
 Our Jesus has lov'd us, we cannot say why.

But this we can tell,
 He lov'd us so well,
 By losing his life he redeem'd us from hell;
 He ransom'd our race;
 O how shall we praise,
 Or worthily sing, his unspeakable grace!

CXLVIII. C. M. STEELE.

To the Savior.

COME, heav'nly Love, inspire my song
 With thy immortal flame;
 And teach my heart, and teach my tongue
 The Savior's lovely name.

The Savior! O what endless charms
 Dwell in the blissful sound!
 Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
 And spreads sweet comfort round.

Here pardon, life, and joys divine
 In rich effusion flow,
 For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
 Deserving endless woe.

God's only Son (stupendous grace!)
 Forsook his throne above;
 And, swift to save our wretched race,
 He flew on wings of love.

Th' almighty Former of the skies
 Stoop'd to our vile abode;
 While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
 And hail'd th' incarnate God.

O the rich depths of love divine !
 Of blifs, a boundless ftore !
 Dear Savior, let me call thee mine ;
 I cannot wifh for more !

On thee alone my hope relies ;
 Beneath thy crofs I fall ;
 My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
 My Savior and my All !

CXLIX. L. M. *Altered by TOPLADY.*

Chrift our Strength.

LET me but hear my Savior fay,
 " Strength fhall be equal to thy day ;"
 Then I rejoice in deep diftrefs,
 Leaning on all-fufficient grace.

I glory in infirmity,
 That Chrift's own pow'r may reft on me :
 When I am weak, then am I ftrong ;
 Chrift is my fhield, and Grace my fong.

I can do all things, and can bear
 All fuff'rings, if my Lord be here :
 Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
 While his left hand my head fufains.

Kindly he brings me to the place
 Where ftands the banquet of his grace :
 And, when I faint, he o'er my head
 The banner of his love will fpread.

How fhine thofe hands, which on the tree,
 Were nail'd, and torn, and bled, for me !
 And glory, like a crown, adorns
 Thofe temples once befet with thorns.

Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies ;
Now at his feet the seraphs stand,
And wait to know his high command.

Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring ;
Accept thy well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

CL. SEVENS. BRADFORD'S COL.

The good Shepherd.

JESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,
Thou thy flock dost feed and keep ;
Sweetest pasture dost prepare,
Watchest them with tender care :
Thee the sheep profess and own,
Thee they love, and thee alone ;
Thee they follow in the way,
Strangers will they not obey.

Thou know'st them, and they know thee,
Thou wilt never from them flee ;
They delight to feel thee near,
They rejoice thy voice to hear :
Thou dost call them by their names,
In thy bosom bear the lambs ;
They protection seek, and rest,
In their Shepherd's loving breast.

Lord, thy wand'ring sheep behold,
Bring them back into thy fold ;
On thy shoulders bear them home,
Suffer them no more to roam :

Lead them into pastures green,
Where thy lovely face is seen ;
Make them to those fountains go
Where the living waters flow.

CLI. L. M. WATTS, *altered.*

Christ our Sacrifice.

THE wonders, Lord, thy love hath wrought,
Exceed all praise, surmount all thought ;
Should we attempt the long detail,
Our speech would faint, our numbers fail.

No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt ;
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

Lo ! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy designs he bows his ears ;
Assumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work so hard.

“ Behold, I come,” the Savior cries,
Love is the language of his eyes ;
“ I come to bear the heavy load
“ Of sins, and do thy will, O God.

“ I’ll magnify thy holy law,
“ And rebels to obedience draw ;
“ When on my cross I’m lifted high,
“ I’ll win their hearts, and bring them nigh.

“ Thy law is written in my heart,
“ I’ll finish well the Savior’s part ;
“ Bid mourning souls adore thy grace,
“ And save them by my righteousness.

CLII. L. M. WATTS, *altered.**Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c.*

BURY'D in shadows of the night
 We lie, 'till Jesus gives us light :
 Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
 And chase the darkness of the mind.

Lost guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
 'Till the atoning blood appears :
 Then we awake from deep distress,
 And sing the Lord our righteousness.

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
 Binding his slaves in heavy chains :
 Grace sets the pris'ners free and breaks
 The iron bondage from their necks.

Poor helpless worms in Christ possess
 Wisdom, and pow'r and righteousness :
 Thou art our mighty All ; may we
 Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee !

CLIII. S. M. HART.

Offices and Character of Christ.

CHRISt is th' eternal Rock,
 On which his church is built ;
 The Shepherd of his little flock ;
 The Lamb that took our guilt ;
 Our Counsellor ; our Guide ;
 Our Brother, and our Friend ;
 The Bridegroom of his chosen bride,
 Who loves her to the end.

He is the Son to free ;
 The Bishop he to bless ;
 The full Propitiation he ;
 The Lord our Righteousness ;
 His body's glorious Head ;
 Our Advocate that pleads ;
 Our Priest that pray'd, aton'd and bled,
 And ever intercedes.

Let all obedient souls
 Their grateful tribute bring ;
 Submit to Jesus' righteous rules ;
 And bow before their King :
 Our Prophet Christ expounds
 Our heav'nly Father's will ;
 This good Physician cures our wounds
 With tenderness and skill.

When sin had sadly made
 'Twixt wrath and mercy, strife,
 Our dear Redeemer dearly paid
 Our ransom with his life :
 Faith gives the full release ;
 Our Surety for us stood ;
 The Mediator made the peace,
 And sign'd it with his blood.

Soldiers, your Captain own ;
 Domestics, serve your Lord ;
 Sinners, the Savior's love make known ;
 Saints, hymn th' incarnate word :
 The witness sure and true
 Of God's good-will to men ;
 The Alpha and th' Omega too ;
 The first and last, Amen.

Poor pilgrims shall not stray,
 Who frighted flee from wrath :
 A bleeding Jesus is the way ;
 And blood tracks all the path :
 Christians in Christ obtain
 The truth that can't deceive ;
 And never shall they die again
 Who in the Life believe.

CLIV. As the 148th. WATTS, *altered.*

Another.

ARRAY'D in mortal flesh,
 Our lovely Jesus stands,
 And holds the promises
 And pardons in his hands :
 Commission'd from his Father's throne,
 To make his grace to mortals known.

Be thou our Counsellor,
 Our Pattern, and our Guide ;
 And thro' this desert land
 Still keep us near thy side.
 O, let our feet ne'er run astray,
 But follow thee the living-way.

Sweet is the Shepherd's voice,
 Whose watchful eye doth keep,
 Poor wand'ring souls, among
 The thousands of his sheep :
 He feeds his flock, he calls their names ;
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.

To this dear Surety's hands,
 My soul, commend thy cause ;

He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws:
Believing souls now free are set,
For Christ hath paid their dreadful debt.

Our Advocate appears
For our defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by:
Not all that hell or sin can say
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

Then let us all arise,
And tread the tempter down:
Our Captain leads us forth,
To conquest and a crown:
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

CLV. As the 148th.

Another.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Savior forth.

Lo! what endearing words,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heav'nly grace!
My soul, with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for thee.

Great Prophet of our God,
 Our tongues would bless thy name :
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came ;
 The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
 Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Offer'd his blood and dy'd ;
 Let guilty sinners seek
 No sacrifice beside ;
 His pow'rful blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.

Thou dear almighty Lord,
 Our Conqu'ror and our King,
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace we sing ;
 Thine is the pow'r : O may we sit
 In willing bonds beneath thy feet !

THE INFLUENCES AND GRACES OF
 THE HOLY SPIRIT.

CLVI. L. M WATTS'S H.

The Effusion of the Spirit, &c.

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
 When the divine disciples met :
 Whilst on their heads the Spirit came
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

What gifts, what miracles he gave !
 And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save !
 Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words,
 Instead of shields and spears and swords.

Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
 From east to west, from south to north :
 " Go, and assert your Savior's cause ;
 " Go spread the my st'ry of his cross."

These weapons of the holy war,
 Of what almighty force they are
 To make our stubborn passions bow,
 And lay the proudest rebel low !

Nations, the learned and the rude,
 Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd ;
 While satan rages at the loss,
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.

Great King of grace ! my heart subdue :
 I would be led in triumph too,
 A willing captive to my Lord,
 And sing the vict'ries of his word.

CLVII. S. M. HART.

A Prayer to the Holy Spirit.

COME, Holy Spirit, come ;
 Let thy bright beams arise :
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.

Chear our desponding hearts,
 With visitations sweet :
 Give us to lie with humble hope,
 At our Redeemer's feet.

Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove ;
 And kindle in our breast the flame
 Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood :
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

'Tis thine to change the heart,
T' illuminate the soul ;
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.

If thou, celestial Dove,
Thy influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To terror, sin, and law !

Dwell, therefore, in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free :
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

CLVIII. C. M. WATTS, *altered.*

Another.

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Love,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look, how on earth we grov'ling lie,
Fond of its trifling toys :
Nor can we lift our souls on high
To reach sublimer joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;

N

Hofanna's languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Great God, and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so cold, so faint to thee,
And thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs :
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

CLIX. Sevens. MORTON's Col.

Another.

HOLY-GHOST, upon us shine ;
Fill each soul with joy divine :
Darkness, doubts, and fears remove :
Shed abroad a Savior's love.

Come, and peace divine impart ;
Seal salvation on the heart---
Holy-Ghost, upon us shine ;
Fill each soul with joy divine.

CLX. As the 148th. B---M, *altered.*

Another.

O HOLY Spirit breathe,
Thy quick'ning pow'r impart,
Thine heav'nly unction give,
And warm the frozen heart ;
Now let us feel thy sacred fire,
And ev'ry soul with love inspire.

Conquer the pow'rs of hell,
 Break down the walls of sin,
 And let us ever feel
 Thy residence within ;
 Let us enjoy thy sacred fire,
 And ev'ry soul with love inspire.

Burst from thy burning throne,
 And make the devils fly,
 Bear ev'ry evil down,
 And lift our souls on high ;
 Now may we feel thy sacred fire,
 And ev'ry soul with love inspire.

Chase ~~Breathe~~ ^{for} the darkness ~~all~~ away,
 Let light and life be giv'n,
Lead ~~O breathe~~ us into day,
 And draw us up to heav'n ;
 There may we feel thy sacred fire,
 And all thy glorious grace admire.

CLXI. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Divine Drawing celebrated.

O GOD, what filken cords are thine !
 How soft, and yet how strong !
 While pow'r and truth, and love combine
 To draw our souls along.

Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke
 Of satan and of sin :
 Thy hand the iron bondage broke
 Our worthless hearts to win.

The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
 One moment takes away ;

And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

Comfort thro' all this vale of tears
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity bestows.

Drawn by such cords we onward move,
'Till round thy throne we meet;
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our conqu'ror's feet.

CLXII. C. M. STEELE.

Regeneration.

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchang'd, can never rise
To happiness and God.

The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray;
Reason, debas'd, can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

Can ought beneath a pow'r divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.

To chase the shades of death away,
 And bid the sinner live !
 A beam of heav'n, a vital ray,
 'Tis thine alone to give.

O change these wretched hearts of ours,
 And give them life divine !
 Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
 Almighty Lord, be thine.

CLXIII. C. M. B--M, *altered.*

Faith.

FAITH views the precious promise, seal'd
 With the Redeemer's blood :
 To faith the glories are reveal'd
 Of our incarnate God.

Faith looks to Calv'ry's lofty tree,
 Discerns the Savior's face ;
 And with delight it doth survey
 The wonders of his grace.

This precious faith, which is of God,
 Looks always to the Lamb ;
 And is much pleas'd with pard'ning blood,
 And drinks the healing balm.

Faith says, my Jesus still is mine,
 Tho' gloomy clouds arise ;
 Fastens on promises divine,
 And soars above the skies.

Delights in great Jehovah's voice,
 Lives on the Savior's blood ;

In truth eternal doth rejoice,
And ventures all with God.

Jefus, fubdue our ev'ry foe,
Our faith and love increafe ;
Soon from this dreary wafte below
Take us to realms of blifs.

CLXIV C. M. WATTS'S H.

Faith in Chrift.

HOW fad our ftate by nature is !
Our fin how deep it ftains !
And fatan binds our captive fouls
Faft in his flavifh chains.

But there's a voice of fov'reign grace,
Sounds from the fared word ;
Ho ! ye defpairing finners, come,
And truft upon the Lord.

O may we hear th' Almighty call,
And run to this relief !
We would believe thy promife, Lord,
O help our unbelief !

To the bleft fountain of thy blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly ;
There may we wafh our spotted fouls
From crimes of deepeft dye !

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
Our reigning fins fubdue ;
Drive the old dragon from his feat,
With his infernal crew.

Poor, guilty, weak and helpless worms,
On thy kind arm we fall ;
Be thou our strength and righteousness,
Our Jesus, and our all !

[*The Triumph of Faith, see 215.*]

CLXV. C. M. COWPER.

The contrite Heart.

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow :
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no ?

I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel ;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I cou'd ;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more ;
But when I cry, " My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

The saints are comforted I know,
And love thy house of pray'r ;
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

O make this heart rejoice or ache ;
Decide this doubt for me ;

And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

CLXVI. L. M. WATTS'S P.

Humiliation.

LORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in sin
And born unholy and unclean ;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall,
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant-breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death ;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

Behold ; we fall before thy face,
Our only refuge is thy grace ;
No outward forms can make us clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

Jesus, our God ! thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone ;
Thy blood can make us white as snow ;
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease ;
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make our down-cast hearts rejoice.

CLXVII. L. M. STEELE.

Hope encouraged.

WHY sinks my weak desponding mind?
 Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
 Can sov'reign goodness be unkind?
 Am I not safe since God is nigh?

He holds all nature in his hand:
 That gracious hand on which I live,
 Does life, and time, and death command,
 And has immortal joys to give.

'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
 On him alone my hopes recline;
 The wond'rous glories of his name,
 How wide they spread! how bright they shine!

Infinite wisdom! boundless pow'r!
 Unchanging faithfulness and love!
 Here let me trust, while I adore,
 Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

My God, if thou art mine indeed,
 Then I have all my heart can crave;
 A present help in times of need,
 Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord,
 And ease the sorrows of my breast;
 Speak to my heart the healing word,
 That thou art mine---and I am blest.

CLXVIII. Sevens. CENNICK.

Rejoicing in Hope.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
 As ye journey sweetly sing;

Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

O, ye banish'd seed, be glad !
Christ our Advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Offers up his sweet perfumes.

Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

Fear not, breth'ren, joyful stand,
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord ! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee !

CLXIX. L. M. BRADFORD'S Col.

Trust.

IF Christ be my defence and tow'r,
Why should I fear the tempter's pow'r ?
If Jesus is my mighty shield,
Tho' hot the fight, why should I yield ?

Tho' creature-comforts fade and die,
 Yet Jesus lives, and still is nigh ;
 Tho' all the flocks and herds be dead,
 Yet Jesus is my living bread.

I know not what may soon betide ;
 Yet Jesus knows, and he'll provide :
 Tho' sin would sink me in distress,
 Yet Jesus is my righteousness.

Tho' faint my pray'rs, and cold my love,
 Yet Jesus intercedes above :
 What tho' my foes should all combine,
 Yet Jesus is for ever mine !

CLXX. Sevens. NEWTON.

Lovest thou me ?

'TIS a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought ;
 Do I love the Lord, or no ?
 Am I his, or am I not ?

If I love, why am I thus ?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
 Who have never heard his name.

Could my heart so hard remain,
 Pray'r a task and burden prove ;
 Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Savior's love ?

When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a Child ?

If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is found in all I do ;
 You that love the Lord indeed,
 Tell me, is it thus with you ?

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all ?

Could I joy his faints to meet,
 Choose the ways I once abhor'd ;
 Find, at times, the promise sweet,
 If I did not love the Lord ?

Lord, decide the doubtful case !
 Thou who art thy people's sun ;
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.

Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray ;
 If I have not lov'd before,
 O may I begin to-day.

CLXXI. C. M. *Altered by BRADFORD.*

Excellency of Love.

HAPPY the heart where grace doth reign,
 And love inspire the breast :
 Love lightens care, assuages pain,
 And brings us peace and rest.

Without this, knowledge is in vain,
 And vain our slavish fear :
 Sin in our hearts will surely reign,
 If love be absent there.

Love never dies, but lives and sings,
 When faith and hope shall cease ;
 'Tis love shall strike our joyful strings
 In the sweet realms of blifs.

When join'd to that harmonious throng
 Which fill the choirs above,
 Then shall we tune our golden harps,
 And ev'ry note be love.

CLXXII. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Love to Jesus.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear ;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,
 That earth and heav'n might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust !
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is fordid dust.

All my capacious pow'rs can wish
 In thee doth richly meet ;
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
 And shed its fragrance there ;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honors of thy name,
 With my last lab'ring breath ;
 And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
 The antidote of death.

CLXXIII. C. M. STEELE.

Desiring to know and love Christ more.

THOU lovely source of true delight,
 Whom I unseen adore ;
 Unvail thy beauties to my sight,
 That I may love thee more.

Thy glory o'er creation shines ;
 But in thy sacred word
 I read, in fairer brighter lines,
 My bleeding, dying Lord.

'Tis here, where'er my comforts droop,
 And sin and sorrow rise,
 Thy love with chearful beams of hope
 My fainting heart supplies,

But ah ! too soon the pleasing scene
 Is clouded o'er with pain ;
 My gloomy fears rise dark between,
 And I again complain.

Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
 O come with blissful ray ;
 Break radiant through this shade of night,
 And chase my fears away.

Then shall my soul with rapture trace
 The wonders of thy love ;
 But the full glories of thy face
 Are only known above.

CLXXIV. Sevens. MADAN'S COL.

Brotherly Love.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee ;
 Let us in thy name agree ;

Shew thyself the prince of peace,
Bid all jars for ever cease:

By thy reconciling love,
Ev'ry stumbling block remove,
Each to each do thou endear,
Come and spread thy banner here.

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in thee abide.

Let us each for other care,
Each his brother's burthen bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live:

Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above;
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers die.

CLXXV. Clark's T. MORTON'S Col.

*The Knowledge of Christ crucified, the best
Knowledge.*

SINNER, bid the world adieu,
With all of creature good;
Christ, and only Christ pursue,
And trust and plead his blood:
What can all the world bestow!
And what of all its wealth and pride;
Only Jesus wish to know,
And Jesus crucify'd.

Him to know, is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end ;
 'Tis the Christian's happiness,
 On Jesus to depend ;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And near the Savior to abide :
 Only Jesus wish to know,
 And Jesus crucify'd.

All in him his people seek,
 And his alone would be ;
 They the Savior's praises speak,
 And long his face to see :
 While they sojourn here below,
 On nothing they depend beside ;
 Only Jesus would they know,
 And Jesus crucify'd.

CLXXVI. C. M. FAWCETT.

Knowledge at present imperfect.

THY way, O God, is in the sea,
 Thy paths I cannot trace ;
 Nor comprehend the mystery,
 Of thy unbounded grace.

Here the dark veils of flesh, and sense,
 My captive soul surround ;
 Mysterious deeps of providence,
 My wond'ring thoughts confound.

When I behold thy awful hand,
 My earthly hopes destroy ;
 In deep astonishment I stand,
 And ask the reason, why ?

As thro' a glafs I dimly see,
 The wonders of thy love ;
 How little do I know of thee,
 Or of the joys above.

'Tis but in part, I know thy will ;
 I blefs thee for the fight ;
 When will thy love the reft reveal
 In glory's clearer light ?

With rapture fhall I then furvey
 Thy providence, and grace,
 And fpend an everlafting day
 In wonder, love and praife.

CLXXVII. L. M. TOPLADY.

True Wisdom.

HAPPY the man who finds the grace,
 The bleffing of God's chofen race ;
 The wisdom coming from above,
 And faith that fweetly works by love.

Happy beyond defcription, he,
 To fay, "the Savior dy'd for me,"
 The gift unfpeakable obtains,
 And heav'nly understanding gains.

Her ways are ways of pleafantnefs,
 And all her flow'ry paths are peace ;
 Wisdom to filver we prefer,
 And gold is dross compar'd with her.

He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
 A life begun that never ends ;

The tree of life divine she is,
Set in ^{the} midst of paradise.

Happy the man who wisdom gains,
In whose obedient heart she reigns;
He owns, and will for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heav'n are one.

CLXXVIII. C. M. NEWTON.

Joy.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast 'till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

But where the Lord reveals his grace,
And makes his glories known;
There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

A bleeding Savior seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

To take a glimpse within the vail,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable! divine!

These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

CLXXIX. S. M. WATTS'S H.

Call to be joyful.

COME ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place ;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope must grow.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

CLXXX. L. M. SWAIN.

Peace.

SINNER, away from Sinai fly !
To Calv'ry's bloody scene repair ;

Behold the Prince of Glory die,
And read your peace and pardon there !

Search into ev'ry open wound ;
Trace the sharp scourge, the nails, the spear ;
And full salvation will be found
In crimson letters written there.

No works of man, to raise the sum
Or pay the ransom must be brought ;
Helpless and poor to Jesus come,
Nor strive to bring a perfect thought.

Your faith, your hope, and righteousness,
Are treasur'd up in him alone ;
Your rich supplies of grace and peace
Spring from the works your Lord has done.

Hell opens her ten thousand graves
To swallow those that die in sin ;
But all the great Immanuel saves
Heav'n's open gates shall welcome in.

There shall the blood-wash'd armies go
That trust the great Redeemer here ;
The plant that buds with grace below
Shall ripen into glory there.

CLXXXI. C. M. HOSKINS.

Consolation.

WHAT a fair country lies above
This wilderness of woe !
A land of life, and light, and love,
Where fruits immortal grow.

There reigns the great incarnate God,
In majesty and grace ;

There all the armies bought with blood
Behold him face to face !

There saints departed ever dwell
To worship and adore ;
With rapt'rous joy they sit and tell
What myst'ries they explore.

O how they shout eternal praise
To God and to the Lamb !
To what transported heights thy raise,
Their music to his name.

Free'd now from sin, and death, and tears,
They are completely blest ;
Secure from all their foes and fears ;
Enjoy eternal rest.

Lord, when shall we these blessings share,
And meet our friends on high ;
O may thy grace our souls prepare,
And take us to the sky.

CLXXXII. 8. 7. BRADFORD'S Col.

Happiness.

NOTHING can preserve my going
But salvation full and free ;
Nothing can my soul dishearten
But my absence, Lord, from thee :
Nothing can delay my progress,
Nothing can disturb my rest,
If, I can, whate'er the danger,
Lean my spirit on thy breast.

In thy presence I am happy,
In thy presence I'm secure ;

In thy presence all afflictions
 I can easily endure :
 In thy presence I can conquer,
 I can suffer, I can die :
 Far from thee I faint and languish ;
 O, my Savior, keep me nigh !

CLXXXIII. Sevens. MORTON'S Col.

Another.

HAPPINESS, our end and aim ;
 Is the wish'd-for object near ?
 Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
 All cry out " It is not here."

Not the wisdom of the wise,
 Not the grandeur of the great,
 Can inform us where it lies,
 Nor the bliss we seek create.

Th' object of our first desire
 May the dear Redeemer be :
 May we Lord, to thee aspire :
 Happiness is found in thee.

Lord, it is not life to live,
 If thy presence thou deny :
 And, if thou thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death to die.

Source and Giver of repose,
 Jesus, happiness is thine ;
 Surely from thy smile it flows ;
 Mine it is, if thou art mine.

Let me but *thyself* possess,
 Real bliss I then shall prove :

Total sum of *happiness*,
Heav'n below, and heav'n above.

CLXXXIV. C. M. WATTS'S H.

God the only Happiness of his People.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Nor on this earthly ball.

What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod !
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light :
Thy cheering beams create my noon,
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amidst the shades I roll ;
If my Redeemer shews his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.

To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode ;
Thanks to thy love for all these things,
But they are not my God.

Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own ;
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

Let others stretch their arms, like seas,
 And grasp in all the shore ;
 Grant me the visits of thy face,
 And I can want no more.

X
 CLXXV. 8. 7. ROBINSON.

Gratitude.

COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above,
 Where the ransom'd all unite in
 Praise of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come,
 Trusting, Lord, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.

Oh ! to grace, how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee :
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God of love !
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

CLXXXVI. C. M. COWPER.

Obedience.

NO strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright;
And what she has, she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.

Long time beneath the law I lay,
In bondage and distress;
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success:

Then---to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now---though I feel its pow'r within,
I feel deliv'rance too:

Then---all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now---freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways:

"What shall I do," was then the word,
"That I might worthier grow?"
"What shall I render to the Lord?"
Is my inquiry now.

To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
To hear his pard'ning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

CLXXXVII. C. M. BRADFORD'S COL:

Conformity to Jesus.

SINCE Christ has borne my sin and curse,
 And suffer'd to atone,
 Why am I then afflicted thus?
 Why must I sigh and groan?

Why yet does rebel nature live?
 And why this war within?
 Why do the flesh and spirit strive?
 Why do I yet feel sin?

What! must temptations still prevail,
 And Satan lift my heart;
 Whilst inbred lusts my mind assail,
 And cause me grievous smart?

What! must my worldly aims be cross'd?
 Denied my heart's desire?
 What! must my character be lost,
 And sensual joys expire?

Is there no way to glorify
 Christ's death and honor'd name,
 Unless unto myself I die,
 And bear reproach and shame?

Whene'er these thoughts oppress my heart,
 I'm ready then to faint;
 But, when I view my Savior's smart,
 That stops each sad complaint.

Be still, my soul; this is the path;
 This is the Christian race;
 Conform'd to Jesus in his death,
 We only live by grace.

THE CHRISTIAN.

CLXXXVIII. 8, 7. SWAIN, altered.

The Conversion of a Sinner.

ON the brink of fiery ruin,
Justice, with a flaming sword,
Was my guilty soul pursuing,
When I first beheld my Lord.

“Sinner,” he exclaim’d; “I’ve lov’d thee
“With an everlasting love;
“Justice has in me approv’d thee,
“Thou shalt dwell with me above.”---

Sweet as angels’ notes in heaven,
When to golden harps they sound;
Is the voice of sins forgiven
To the soul by Satan bound;

Sweet as angels’ harps in glory
Was that heav’nly voice to me,
When I saw my Lord, before me,
Bleed and die to set me free!---

Now, dear Lord, again discover
To my soul, that thou art mine;
Tell me, O thou heav’nly lover,
That I am for ever thine.

CLXXXIX. L. M. WATTS’S P.

The Penitent pleading for Pardon.

SHEW pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a vile helpless rebel live;

Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

My crimes are great, but not surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
Make my polluted conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

CXC. Chatham T. TOPLADY'S Col.

The Cry of a Heaven-born Soul.

O Love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my longing heart
All taken up with thee?

O! may I pant and thirst to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were fed within
In my poor stony heart!

I want to taste thy love divine;
 This heav'nly portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part.

O that I could for ever sit
 With Mary, at the Master's feet,
 And in his love rejoice!
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heav'n on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

Thy love alone may I require,
 Nothing on earth beneath desire,
 Nor aught in heaven above!
 Let earth and all its trifles go;
 Give me, O Lord, thy love to know,
 Give me thy precious love.

CXCI. Sevens. HILES'S COL.

Where do thy Flocks rest at noon?

TELL me, Savior from above,
 Dearest object of my love,
 Where thy little flocks abide,
 Shelter'd near thy bleeding side.

Say, my shepherd, all divine,
 Where I may my soul recline;
 Where for refuge shall I fly,
 While the burning sun is high.

Wilt thou let me run astray,
 Mourning, grieving, all the day?
 Wilt thou bear to see me rove,
 Seek some base and mortal love?

Never had I fought thy name,
 Never felt the inward flame,
 Had not love first touch'd my heart,
 Gave the painful, pleasant smart.

Didst thou leave thy glorious throne,
 Put a mortal raiment on,
 As a cursed victim die,
 For a wretch so vile as I ?

Tell me, fairest of the kind,
 How to seek, and where to find ;
 Where to find thy promis'd rest,
 How to lean upon thy breast.

Turn, and claim me as thine own ;
 Be my portion, Lord, alone :
 Deign to hear a sinner's call.
 Be my everlasting all.

CXCII. L. M. WATTS'S P.

Deliverance from Temptation and Despair.

THEE will I praise, O Lord, my strength,
 My rock, my tow'r, my high defence ;
 Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
 For I have found salvation thence.

Death and the terrors of the grave,
 Stood round me with their dismal shade ;
 While floods of high temptations rose,
 And made my sinking soul afraid.

I saw the op'ning gates of hell,
 With endless pains and sorrow there ;
 Which none but they that feel can tell,
 While I was hurry'd to despair.

In my distress I call'd "My God,"
 When I could scarce believe him mine;
 He bow'd his ear to my complaint;
 Then did his grace appear divine.

With speed he flew to my relief,
 As on a Cherub's wing he rode;
 Awful and bright as light'ning shone
 The face of my deliv'rer, God.

Temptations fled at his rebuke,
 The blast of his almighty breath:
 He sent salvation from on high,
 And drew me from the deeps of death.

My song for ever shall record
 That terrible, that joyful hour;
 And give the glory to the Lord,
 Due to his mercy, and his pow'r.

CXCIII. C. M. HART.

The Wish.

IF dust and ashes might presume,
 Great God, to talk with thee;
 If in thy presence can be room
 For sinful worms, like me;

I humbly would my *wish* present,
 For *wishes* I have none:
 All my desires are now content
 -To be compriz'd in one.

The single boon I would intreat,
 Is to be led by thee,
 To gaze upon thy bloody sweat
 In sad Gethsemane:

There, musing on thy mighty love,
I always would remain;
Or but to Calvary remove;
Which finish'd all thy pain.

For this one favor oft I've sought :
And, if this one be giv'n,
I ask on earth no happier lot;
No happier lot in heav'nish rest.

CXCIV. L. M. SWAIN.

A Soul melted with Redeeming Love.

WHEN on my Beloved I gaze,
So dazzling his beauties appear,
His charms so transcendently blaze,
The sight is too melting to bear!

When from my own vileness I turn
To Jesus, expos'd on the tree,
With shame and with wonder I burn,
To think what he suffer'd for me.

My sins, oh how black they appear,
When in that dear bosom they meet!
Those sins were the nails and the spear
That wounded his hands and his feet.

'Twas justice that wreath'd for his head
The thorns that encircled it round.
Thy temples, Immanuel, bled,
That mine might, with glory be crown'd!

The wonderful love of his heart,
Where he has recorded my name,
On earth can be known but in part,
Heav'n only can bear the full flame.

In rivers of sorrow it flow'd,
 And flow'd in those rivers for me;
 My sins are all drown'd in his blood;
 My soul is both happy and free.

CXCV. S. M. WATTS'S, H.

Panting after God.

MY God, my life, my love,
 To thee, to thee I call;
 I cannot live if thou remove,
 For thou art all in all.

Thy shining grace can cheer
 This dungeon where I dwell;
 'Tis paradise when thou art here;
 If thou depart, 'tis hell.

The smilings of thy face,
 How amiable they are!
 'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
 And no where else but there.

To thee, and thee alone,
 The angels owe their bliss;
 They sit around thy gracious throne,
 And dwell where Jesus is.

Not all the harps above
 Can make a heav'nly place,
 If God his residence remove,
 Or but conceal his face.

Nor earth, nor all the sky
 Can one delight afford;
 No, not a drop of real joy
 Without thy presence, Lord.

Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

CXCVI. Helmsley T. FAWCETT.

Cast down, yet hoping.

O My soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone:
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

What tho' satan's strong temptations,
Vex and teize thee, day by day?
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay?
Thou shalt conquer,
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.

Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee
From without, and from within;
Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful,
To perform his gracious word.

Tho' distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God:
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

O that I could now adore him,
 Like the heav'nly host above,
 Who for ever bow before him,
 And unceasing sing his love :
 Happy songsters;
 When shall I your chorus join ?

CXCVII. C. M. *Altered by TOPLADY.*

Paul's Experience.

WHAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and sin
 Attend our mortal state !
 I hate the thoughts that work within,
 And do the works I hate.

Now I complain, and groan, and die,
 While sin and satan reign :
 Now rise my songs of triumph high,
 For grace prevails again.

So darkness struggles with the light,
 'Till perfect day arise :
 Water and fire maintain the fight,
 Until the weaker dies.

Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or fear'd,
 This thought is my repose,
 That *he*, my mortal frame who rear'd,
 Its various weakness knows.

Thou view'st us, with a pitying eye,
 While struggling with our load :
 In pains and danger *thou* art nigh,
 Our Father, and our God.

Supported by thy changeless love,
 We tend to realms of peace ;

Where ev'ry sorrow shall remove,
And ev'ry sin shall cease.

The more my frailty here is try'd,
The more I toil and grieve,
The more thy grace is glorify'd,
Which *shall* the vict'ry give!

CXCVIII. C. M. NEWTON.

Doubting.

UNCERTAIN how the way to find
Which to salvation led:
I list'ned long with anxious mind,
To hear what others said.

When some of joys and comforts told,
I fear'd that I was wrong;
For I was stupid, dead, and cold,
Had neither joy nor song.

The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd,
And made my burden light;
Then for a moment I believ'd,
Supposing all was right.

Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
Of anguish and dismay;
Thro' what distresses they had walk'd,
Before they found the way.

Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,
For I had liv'd at ease;
I wish'd for all my fears again,
To make me more like these.

I had my wish, the Lord disclos'd
 The evils of my heart ;
 And left my naked soul exp^od
 To satan's flaming dart.

Alas ! " I now must give it up,"
 I cry'd in deep despair
 How could I dream of drawing hope,
 From what I cannot bear.

Again my Savior brought me aid,
 And when he set me free,
 " Trust simply on my word," he said,
 " And leave the rest to me."

CXCIX. L. M. COWPER.

Believing and Doubting,

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
 And smiling day once more appears ;
 Then, my Redeemer, then I find
 The folly of my doubts and fears.

I hide my unbelieving heart,
 And blush that I should ever be
 Thus prone to act so base a part,
 Or harbor one hard thought of thee !

O ! let me then at length be taught
 (What I am still so slow to learn)
 That God is Love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
 But when my faith is sharply try'd,
 I find myself a learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my Lord, one look from thee
 Subdues the disobedient will ;
 Drives doubt, and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious worm is still.

Thou art as ready to forgive,
 As I am ready to repine ;
 Thou, therefore all the praise receive ;
 Be shame, and self-abhorrence, mine.

CC. C. M. EVANS'S Col.

Absence from God.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh ;
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye ;

See ! low before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wand'rer mourn ;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ;
 Hast thou not said, return ?

And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet ?
 O let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat.

Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
 Without one cheering ray,
 Through dangers, fears and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way !

O shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine ;
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.

Thy presence only can bestow
 Delights which never cloy:
 Be this my solace, here below,
 And my eternal joy.

CCI. L. M. HART, *altered.*

The Stony Heart lamented.

OH, for a beam of heav'nly day!
 To melt this stubborn stone away:
 And thaw, with rays of love divine
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
 The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
 Of feeling, all things shew some sign,
 But this obdurate heart of mine!

To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
 Dear Lord, an adamant would melt!
 But I can read each moving line,
 And nothing move this heart of mine!

Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
 (Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
 To stir this stupid heart of mine!

But something yet can do the deed,
 And that dear something much I need;
 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
 And move and melt this heart of mine.---

O Breath of Life, breathe on my soul,
 On me let streams of mercy roll:

And thaw, with rays of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

CCII. C. M. HOSKINS.

A Believer's Complaint

A LAS! my Lord my Love is gone,
My Savior hides his face,
And I am left to walk alone,
In this dark wilderness.

Once I enjoy'd his precious love :
How sweetly did he smile !
But Oh! how painful his remove !
And what a tedious while !

In vain I read, in vain I pray,
Or hear salvation's word,
Unless a soul-reviving ray
Beam from my glorious Lord.

Yet would I trust in him that dy'd !
For Jesus is his name :
Yet would I in his grace confide,
For he is still the same.

If once his grace renews the heart,
Jesus will there remain :
He cannot finally depart,
But must return again.

Then, dearest Lord, teach me to wait
Thy own appointed time,
Oh! change my captive mournful state,
And witness thou art mine.

CCIII. L.M. HOSKINS.

A Prayer.

SAVIOR of sinners, deign to shine
On this benighted soul of mine ;
O shew my wand'ring feet the way
That leads to realms of endless day.

Reveal the path of life and peace ;
The road to pure and perfect blifs ;
Guide a poor pilgrim safely home ;
Be thou my shield and constant sun.

Thro' all the dangers of the night,
Day star, arise, and give me light ;
Shine with the beams of brightest grace
'Till I behold thy cloudless face.

'Midst all the dangers that await
My present militant estate,
Be thou, dear Jesus ever near,
My soul to keep, my heart to cheer.

And when I shall resign my breath,
And walk the gloomy vale of death,
Then may I find the Lord my stay,
And thence to glory wing my way.

CCIV. Sevens. HARRISON.

I will not let thee go except thou blest me.

LORD, I cannot let thee go,
'Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

Dost thou ~~ask me who I am?~~ 11100
 Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name!
 Yet the question gives a plea,
 To support my suit with thee.

Thou didst once a wretch behold,
 In rebellion blindly bold,
 Scorn thy grace, thy power defy,
 That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

Once a sinner near despair
 Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r;
 Mercy heard and set him free,
 Lord, that mercy came to me.

Many days have pass'd since then,
 Many changes I have seen;
 Yet have been upheld till now,
 Who could hold me up but thou!

Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need,
 This emboldens me to plead:
 After so much mercy past,
 Canst thou let me sink at last?

No-----I must maintain my hold,
 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
 I can no denial take,
 When I plead for Jesus' sake.

CCV. L. M. NEWTON.

Prayer answered by Crosses.

I Ask'd the Lord that I might grow
 In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace;
 Might more of his salvation know,
 And seek, more earnestly, his face.

I hop'd that in some favor'd hour,
 At once he'd answer my request ;
 And by his love's constraining pow'r,
 Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this, he made me feel
 The hidden evils of my heart ;
 And let the angry pow'rs of hell
 Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd
 Intent to aggravate my woe ;
 Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd ;
 Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

Lord, why is this, I trembling cry'd,
 Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death :
 " 'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
 " I answer pray'r for grace and faith.

" These inward trials I employ,
 " From self and pride, to set thee free ;
 " And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 " That thou may'st find thy *all* in me."

CCVI. C. M. TOPLADY'S Col.

The Believers Request.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sov'reign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise.

" Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 " From ev'ry murmur free :
 " The blessings of thy grace impart,
 " And make me live to thee.

“ Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
 “ My life and death attend ;
 “ Thy presence thro’ my journey shine,
 “ And crown my journey’s end.”

CCVII. L. M.

Another.

THOU, who for sinners once wast slain,
 Once dead, but now alive again ;
 Give me to know, to taste, to prove,
 The pow’r and sweetness of thy love.

Give me to feel my sins forgiv’n,
 And know myself an heir of heav’n ;
 My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
 And fill me with the love of God.

CCVIII. L. M. WATTS’S H.

Publican and Pharisee.

BEHOLD how sinners disagree---
 The publican and pharisee---
 One doth his righteousness proclaim,
 The other owns his guilt and shame :

The one at humble distance stands,
 And owns the breach of God’s commands ;
 The other rises near the throne,
 And talks of duties he has done.

The Lord their diff’rent language knows,
 And diff’rent answers he bestows :
 The humble soul with grace he crowns,
 Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

CCIX. As the 148th. NEWTON.

The Beggar.

ENCOURAG'D by thy word
 Of promise to the poor,
 Behold, a beggar, Lord,
 Waits at thy mercy's door!
 No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine
 Can help, or pity wants like mine.

I have no right to say,
 That though I now am poor,
 Yet once there was a day
 When I possessed more:
 Thou know'st that from my very birth
 I've been, the poorest wretch on earth.

Nor can I dare profess,
 As beggars often do,
 Though great is my distress,
 My faults have been but few:
 If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,
 It would be what I well deserve.

Though crumbs are much too good
 For such a dog as I;
 No less than children's food
 My soul can satisfy:
 O do not frown and bid me go,
 I must have all thou canst bestow.

Nor can I willing be
 Thy bounty to conceal
 From others who like me,
 Their want and hunger feel:
 I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
 And try to send a thousand more.

CCX. Helmsley T. ROBINSON.

The Pilgrim ; or, Christ my guide.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah !
 Pilgrim thro' this barren land ;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy pow'rful hand ;
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me 'till I want no more .

Open thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey thro' :
 Strong Deliv'rer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.
 Songs of praises,
 Will I ever give to thee.

CCXI. As the 148th. B--M

The Christian Soldier.

YE heav'n-bound Soldiers all,
 Fight through th' infernal train ;
 On your great Leader call,
 And you'll ne'er fight in vain ;
 But shall proclaim your Captain's fame,
 And loudly sing his conqu'ring name.

The troops of hell must fly
 Before heav'n's glorious King ;

Then on his arm rely,
 And he'll deliv'rance bring;
 Then you'll proclaim your captain's fame,
 And loudly sing his conqu'ring name.

May we in ev'ry storm
 Keep Jesus still in sight;
 He will our foes disarm,
 And put them all to flight;
 Then we'll proclaim our Captain's fame,
 And loudly sing his conqu'ring name.

May we pursue the fight,
 In Jesus' strength alone,
 'Till the great Prince of light
 Gives the eternal crown;
 Then we'll proclaim our Captain's fame,
 And loudly sing his conqu'ring name.

CCXII. L. M. WATTS'S H.

The Christian Race,

AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
 Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;
 Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
 And put a chearful courage on.

True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
 But they forget the mighty God,
 Who feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

O mighty God, thy matchless pow'r,
 Is ever new and ever young;
 And firm endures, while endless years,
 Their everlasting circles run.

From thee, the overflowing spring,
 Believer's drink a fresh supply;
 While such as trust their native strength,
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 Oh may we mount to thine abode ;
 On wings of love to Jesus fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

CCXIII. 7, 6. WHITEFIELD'S COL.

Leaning on the Beloved.

MY most indulgent Savior,
 I long thy love to find,
 To triumph in thy favor,
 And know thy Spirit's mind :
 This grace to me be given,
 I nothing more request ;
 I ask no other heaven,
 Than leaning on thy breast.

The place of John I covet,
 More than a seraph's throne ;
 To rest on my beloved,
 And breathe my final groan :
 On thee alone relying,
 To lose my sin and pain,
 And, on thy bosom dying,
 My life eternal gain.

Then I, with all in glory,
 Shall thankfully relate,
 Th' amazing, pleasing story,
 Of Jesus' love so great :
 In this blest contemplation,
 May I for ever dwell ;

And share such consolation,
As none below can tell.

CCXIV. C. M. STEELE,

The Christian in Affliction.

THOU only centre of my rest,
Look down with pitying eye,
While with protracted pain oppress
I breathe the plaintive sigh.

Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My ev'ry wish contains ;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

This can my ev'ry care controul,
Gild each dark scene with light ;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it all is night.

My Lord, my Life, O cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray,
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day !

O happy scenes of pure delight !
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart.

Her part in those fair realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know ;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
 Aspire in vain to thee?
 Confirm my hope that where thou art,
 I shall for ever be.

Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
 The darksome hours away,
 And rise on faith's expanded wing
 To everlasting day.

CCXV. L. M. WATTS'S H.

The Persecuted Christian.

The Triumph of Faith.

Christ's unchangeable Love.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
 'Tis God that justifies their souls;
 And mercy, like a mighty stream,
 O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

Who shall adjudge the faints to hell?
 'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead;
 And the salvation to fulfil,
 Behold him rising from the dead!

He lives! he lives, and sits above
 For ever interceding there:
 Who shall divide us from his love?
 Or what should tempt us to despair?

Shall persecution, or distress,
 Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
 He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',
 And makes us more than conquerors too.

Faith hath an overcoming power,
 It triumphs in the dying hour:

Christ is our life, our joy, our hope ;
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
From the dear objects of his love.

CCXVI. L. M. PEACOCK.

The Suffering Saint.

WHAT tender pity, love and care,
For suff'ring saints doth Jesus bear,
While they his glorious name confess,
'Midst persecution and distress.

Tho' by th' oppressor's rod they smart,
See the Redeemer still impart
His consolations all divine,
With cheerful beams their faces shine.

Thus Stephen the first martyr dies,
To truth a joyful sacrifice ;
To vindicate the cause of God,
He seals the gospel with his blood.

Lo ! on his countenance appears
Such radiance as an angel wears ;
Reflected rays of glory bright,
Meet the spectator's wond'ring sight.

Not death with all its dread array,
His heav'n-born soul could e'er dismay ;
Jesus the saint expiring cheers,
And to his raptur'd sight appears !

“ Behold (he cries) heav’n’s gates expand,
Exalted see at God’s right hand,
The Son of Man with glory crown’d,
And the bright Seraphim around.”

Thus would the view of Jesus’ face,
Each fear disarm, each terror chase ;
Thus blest with joy we yield our breath,
Triumphing o’er the monster, death.

CCXVII. Sevens. MORTON’S Col.

The afflicted Believer encouraged.

WEEPING faint, no longer mourn ;
Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne :
Jesus, best of friends, for thee,
Number’d with transgressors, see !

He the wine-press trod alone---
Hear the Man of sorrows groan !
Mock’d, and bruis’d, and crown’d with thorns
He his Father’s absence mourns.

All thy sins, when Jesus bled,
Met on his devoted head :
All thy hope on Jesus place ;
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

At his feet thy burden lay ;
Christ shall smile thy fears away :
He thy guilt and sorrow bore---
Weeping faint, lament no more.

CCXVIII. L. M. NEWTON.

Another.

BROUGHT safely by his hand thus far,
Wilt thou, desponding christian, fear ?

How canst thou want, if God provide,
Or lose thy way, with such a guide ?

When first, before the mercy-seat,
Thou didst, to him thy *all* commit ;
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and pow'r.

Did ever trouble yet befall,
And God refuse to hear thy call ?
And hath he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last ?

He, who has help'd thee hitherto,
Will help thee all thy journey thro' ;
And give thee daily cause to raise
New eben-ezers to his praise.

CCXIX. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Tempted Believer encouraged.

NOW let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song :
His shield is spread o'er every saint,
And thus supported, who shall faint ?

What tho' the hosts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage !
A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

Bound by his word, he will display,
A strength proportion'd to our day :
And, when united trials meet,
Will shew a path of safe retreat.

Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood:
Still is he gracious, wise, and just,
And still in him let Israel trust.

CCXX. L. M. MORTON'S Col.

A Prayer for Backsliders.

LORD, bring backsliders near thy throne,
And make thy loving-kindness known:
Thy saving strength, O God, restore,
And guard them, that they fall no more.

Tho' they have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let, O let backsliders trace
The wonders of restoring grace.

So shall they own thy love is strong;
Salvation shall be all their song;
And souls shall bless, for grace reveal'd,
The Lord, who their backslidings heal'd.

CCXXI. C. M. NEWTON, altered.

The Christian's Privileges.

HAPPY are they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He cheers their spirits by his word;
His arm supports them well.

To such, in each distressing hour,
A God of grace is near;
And as they plead his love and power,
He stands engag'd to hear.

He sav'd all those, in ancient days,
 Who trusted in his name ;
 And saints can witness, to his praise,
 His love is still the same.

His presence sweetens all their cares,
 And makes their burdens light :
 A word, from him, dispels their fears,
 And gilds the gloom of night.

Lord, may thy people highly prize
 The tokens of thy love ;
 'Till from the church below they rise,
 To join the church above.

CCXXII. S. M. HOSKINS.

The Christian's Defence.

O How secure are those,
 That trust Jehovah's pow'r !
 He guards them from their num'rous foes,
 And keeps them ev'ry hour.

On high his children dwell,
 Salvation's their defence ;
 Nor can the wrath of earth or hell
 E'er pluck his people thence.

Lord, keep my helpless soul
 From ev'ry foe and fear :
 The tumults of my heart controul,
 And bring salvation near.

Be thou my shield and tow'r,
 My help when dangers rise :
 Surround me with thy grace and pow'r,
 Then take me to the skies.

There may I ever praise
 My guardian and my God :
 And worship him thro' endless days
 Who wash'd me in his blood.

CCXXIII. C. M. WATTS, *altered.*

The Christian's Safety.

IMMOVEABLE thy promise stands,
 My Lord, my Hope, my Trust :
 If I am found in Jesus' hands,
 My soul can ne'er be lost.

His honor is engag'd to save
 The meanest of his sheep :
 All that his heav'nly Father gave,
 His hands securely keep.

Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
 His fav'rites from his breast :
 In the dear bosom of his love
 They must for ever rest.

Why do I then indulge my fears,
 Suspicions, and complaints ?
 Is he a God, and shall his grace
 Grow weary of his saints ?

Can a kind mother e'er forget
 The fav'rite of her heart ?
 And, 'midst a thousand tender thoughts,
 Her infant have no part ?

Yet faith the Lord, should nature change,
 And mothers monsters prove ;
 Sion still dwells upon the heart
 Of everlasting Love.

CCXXIV. L. M. FAWCETT.

*The Christian Remembering all the way the
Lord has led him.*

THUS far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known ;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

Thro' this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home ;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dang'rous way.

ii
Temptations ev'ry where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy ;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

My soul with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees ev'ry day new straights attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God ?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below ?

'Tis even so, thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove ;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be *all in all*.

CCXXV. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Support in God's Covenant in the views of Death.

WHAT mine ! the cov'nant of his grace,
 And ev'ry promise mine !
 All sprung from everlasting love,
 And seal'd by blood divine.

On my unworthy favor'd head,
 Its blessings all unite ;
 Blessings more num'rous than the stars,
 More lasting and more bright.

Death, thou may'st tear this rag of flesh,
 And sink my fainting head,
 And lay my ruins in the grave,
 Among my kindred dead.

But death and hell in vain shall strive
 To break that sacred rest,
 Which God's expiring children feel,
 While leaning on his breast.

Th' enlarged soul thou canst not reach,
 Nor rend from Christ away ;
 Tho' o'er my mould'ring dust thou boast
 The triumphs of a day.

The night is past, my morning dawns ;
 My cov'nant God descends,
 And wakes that dust to join my soul
 In bliss that never ends.

That cov'nant the last accents claims
 Of this poor fault'ring tongue ;
 And that shall the first notes employ
 Of my celestial song.

CCXXVI. L. M. WATTS'S P.

Christians led to Heaven.

GIVE thanks to God ; he reigns above :
 Kind are his thoughts, his name is Love ;
 His mercy ages past have known,
 And ages long to come shall own.

Let the redeemed of the Lord
 The wonders of his grace record ;
 Isr'el, the nation whom he chose,
 And rescu'd from their mighty foes.

In their distress to God they cry'd ;
 God was their Savior and their guide ;
 He led their march far wand'ring round,
 'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

Thus when our first release we gain
 From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,
 We have this desert world to pass,
 A dang'rous and a tiresome place.

He feeds and clothes us all the way,
 He guides our footsteps lest we stray ;
 He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
 And brings us to the heavenly land.

O let the saints with joy record
 The truth and goodness of the Lord !
 How great his works ! how kind his ways !
 Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

CCXXVII. As the 148th. FRANCIS.

*On opening a Place of Worship.**

IN sweet exalted strains
 The King of glory praise ;
 O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
 Thro' everlasting days :
 He, with a word, the world controuls,
 Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

To earth he bends his throne,
 His throne of grace divine ;
 Wide is his bounty known,
 And wide his glories shine :
 Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
 Is with his smiles and presence blest.

Then, King of glory, come,
 And with thy favor crown
 This temple as thy dome,
 This people as thy own :
 Beneath this roof, O deign to show,
 How God can dwell with men below.

Here, may thine ears attend
 Thy people's humble cries,
 And grateful praise ascend
 All fragrant to the skies :
 Here may thy word melodious sound,
 And spread celestial joys around.

Here, may th' attentive throng
 Imbibe thy truth and love,

* See also, 245.

And converts join the song
Of seraphim above,
And willing crowds surround thy board
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

Here, may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polish'd stones,
Thro' long succeeding days;
Here, Lord, display thy saving pow'r,
While temples stand, and men adore.

CCXXVIII. C. M. NEWTON.

On opening a Place for social Prayer.

DEAR Shepherd of thy people, here,
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast giv'n a place for pray'r,
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above
That we may render praise.

And may the gospel's joyful sound
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

CCXXIX. C. M. STEELE.

Intreating the Presence of Christ.

COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
 Our humble strains attend,
 While with our praises and complaints,
 Low at thy feet we bend.

When we thy wond'rous glories hear,
 And all thy suff'rings trace,
 What sweetly awful scenes appear!
 What rich unbounded grace!

How should our songs, like those above,
 With warm devotion rise!
 How should our souls, on wings of love,
 Mount upward to the skies!

But ah! the song, how cold it flows!
 How languid our desire!
 How faint the sacred passion glows,
 'Till thou the heart inspire!

Come Lord, thy love alone can raise
 In us the heav'nly flame;
 Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
 Our hearts adore thy name.

Dear Savior, let thy glory shine,
 And fill thy dwellings here,
 'Till life, and love, and joy divine
 A heav'n on earth appear.

Then shall our hearts enraptur'd say,
 Come, great Redeemer, come,
 And bring the bright, the glorious day,
 That calls thy children home.

CCXXX. L. M. WATTS, *altered.**Delight in Worship.*

FAR from our thoughts, vain world be gone,
 Let our religious hours alone ;
 O may our eyes our Savior see,
 We wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

O warm our hearts with holy fire,
 And kindle there a pure desire ;
 Come, our dear Jesus, from above,
 And feed our souls with heav'nly love.

The trees of life immortal stand
 In fragrant rows at thy right hand,
 And in sweet murmurs by their side
 Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

O come, and with a smiling face,
 Come, spread the tables of thy grace :
 Bring down a taste of truth divine,
 And cheer our hearts with sacred wine.

Blest Jesus, what delicious fare !
 How sweet thine entertainments are !
 Never did angels taste, above,
 Redeeming grace, and dying love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !
 In thee thy Father's glories shine :
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
 That eyes have seen, or angels known !

CCXXXI. C. M. TOPLADY'S C. *altered.**Lord's Day.*

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
 In concert with the blest ;
 Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
 Employ an endless rest.

On this glad day a brighter scene
 Of glory was display'd,
 By God, th' Eternal Word, than when
 The universe was made.

Alone, the dreadful race he ran ;
 Alone, the wine-press trod :
 He dy'd and suffer'd as a Man,
 He rises as a God.

He rises, who redemption wrought
 With grief and pain extreme :
 'Twas great, to speak our souls from nought ;
 'Twas greater, to redeem---

Lord, give us all a solid hope,
 And fit us to ascend
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And sabbaths never end.

There the redeem'd shall never tire,
 But sing immortal lays ;
 And saints exceed th' angelic choir
 In wonder, love, and praise.

CCXXXII. S. M. Hoskins.

Another.

TO-DAY the Savior rose :
 Our Jesus left the dead ;

He conquer'd our tremendous foes,
And satan captive led.

Rejoice, ye sons of God !
Ye heirs of heav'n, rejoice !
Sound your Redeemer's love abroad
With cheerful hearts and voice !

Tell what the Lord hath done
For Adam's guilty race ;
Sing the bright conquest he hath won,
And triumph in his grace.

He left his glorious throne,
And all the blifs above,
To make Jehovah's counsels known :
The purpose of his love.

For us his life he paid ;
For us the law fulfill'd ;
On him our loads of guilt were laid ;
We by his stripes are heal'd.

Ye saints, adore his name,
Who hath such mercy shown ;
Ye sinners love the bleeding Lamb,
And make his praises known.

CCXXXIII. S. M. *Altered by HILL.*

*Another.**

WELCOME sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise :

* See also, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113.

Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

Welcome ye saints of God,
To feast on Jesus' love;
Ye happy souls, redeem'd by blood,
Welcome this grace to prove!

The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day, amidst the place
Where my dear Lord is seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of vanity and sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sweetly sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

CCXXXIV. As the 148th.

Lord's Day Morning.

AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band,
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand.
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays,
Bright Seraphs hail in songs of praise.

At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
Her dark domains confin'd.

Th' angelic host around him bends ;
Amidst their shouts, the God ascends.

All hail, triumphant Lord,
Heav'n with hosannas rings ;
While earth, in humbler strains
Thy praise responsive sings :
Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conqu'ring carr,
While justice, truth, and love
Maintain the glorious war.
Victorious thou thy foes shall tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart.
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Num'rous as drops of morning dew.

CCXXXV. SEVENS. NEWTON, *altered.*

Another.

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek
Waiting in his courts to-day :
Day of all the week the best ;
Emblem of eternal rest !

While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,

Shew thy reconciling face,
Shine away our sin and shame ;
From our wordly cares set free ;
May we rest this day in thee.

Here we're come thy name to praise ;
Let us feel thy presence near ;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear ;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
May the fruits of grace abound ;
Bring relief for all complaints :
Thus let all our sabbaths prove,
'Till we join the church above.

CCXXXVI. C. M. TAYLOR'S COL.

A Morning Hymn.

JESUS, thou all-sustaining word,
My drooping spirit's prop ;
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
O when shall I wake up ?

Thou, dearest Lord, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

Of all thou hast, on earth below,
In heav'n above, to give ;
Give me thy blessed self to know,
In thee to walk and live :

Fill me with all the life of love,
In sacred union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

The holy intercourse begun
Between my soul and thee,
Enlarge, O Lord, and carry on,
'Thro' all eternity.

CCXXXVII. Sevens. BRADFORD'S COL.

An Evening Hymn.

THOU must, Lord, my heart prepare,
Else I offer lifeless pray'r :
Teach me, therefore, how to pray,
Deeply feeling what I say.

With my burden I'd begin ;
Save me from the pow'r of sin ;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Keep my conscience free from guilt :

As I lay me down to rest,
Let me lean upon thy breast ;
Let my soul enjoy thy light ;
Keep me safe from harm this night !

While I am a pilgrim here
Let thy love, my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Shew me what I have to do ;
Ev'ry hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith ;
Let me die thy people's death.

CCXXXVIII. C. M. WATTS.

Hosanna to Christ.

HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
 All-hail, Incarnate Love!
 Ten thousand thousand glories wait
 To crown thy head above.

Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame,
 Through the wide world shall run;
 And everlasting ages sing
 The triumphs thou hast won.

In humble notes our faith adores
 The great mysterious King;
 While angels strain their nobler pow'rs,
 And sweep th' immortal string.

CCXXXIX. Sevens. EVANS'S Col.

Before Sermon.

LORD, we come before thee now,
 At thy feet we humbly bow;
 O! do not our suit disdain,
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

In thy own appointed way,
 Now we seek thee, here we stay;
 Lord, from hence we would not go,
 'Till a blessing thou bestow.

Send some message from thy word,
 That may joy and peace afford;
 Let thy spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.

Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

CCXL. HELMSLEY T. TOPLADY'S Col.

Another.

DEAREST Savior, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wonderous love !
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve :
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining courts above.

Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the gospel-feast :
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them ;
Every soul be Jesus' guest !
O receive us,
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

CCXLI. Sevens. HILL'S Col.

Another.

SOURCE of light and pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine ;
Help thy servant to proclaim
All the glories of thy name :
Satisfy his soul's desire,
Touch his lips with holy fire.
Breathe thy Spirit, so shall fall
Unction sweet on him and all ;
'Till, by odours scatter'd round,
Christ himself be trac'd and found :

Then shall ev'ry raptur'd heart,
Rich in joy and peace depart.

CCXLII. *After Sermon.*

O JESUS, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd
For all the rich blessings convey'd by thy word.

In spirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.

The ancient of days
His glory displays,
And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.

The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad
The language of mercy, salvation thro' blood.

Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this happy day !

Their anguish and sin
And sorrow depart,
Who find his salvation inscrib'd on their heart.

This blessing be mine,
Through favor divine ;
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

The work is of grace ;
Thine, thine be the praise,
And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy ways.

CCXLIII. *Helmſley T.* WHITEFIELD'S C.

At Diſmiſſion.

LORD, diſmiſs us with thy bleſſing !
Fill our hearts with joy and peace !

Let us now thy love poſſeſſing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.

O reſreſh us !

Trav'ling through this wilderneſs.

Thanks we give, and adoration,

For the goſpel's joyful ſound :

May the fruits of thy ſalvation

In our hearts and lives abound !

May thy preſence,

With us evermore be found.

So whene'er the ſignal's given,

Us from earth to call away ;

Borne on angels wings to heaven,

Glad the ſummons to obey,

May we ever,

Reign with Chriſt in endleſs day.

CCXLIV. 8. 7. NEWTON, *altered.*

Another.

MAY the grace of Chriſt our Savior,

May the Father's boundleſs love,

May the Holy Spirit's favour,

Reſt upon us from above !

May we feel the bleſſed union

'Twixt believers and the Son !

May the Spirit's ſweet communion

Make us perfect all in one !

T

CCXLV. L. M. BRADFORD, *altered.**At Meeting.*

SAVIOR, be pleas'd to meet us here ;
 Now may we find and feel thee near :
 The speaker, Lord, and hearers bless ;
 And crown thy word with great success.

Oft as thy people here may meet,
 To worship at thy mercy seat,
 Upon their souls vouchsafe to shine,
 And fill their hearts with love divine.

Here, Lord, thine holy arm reveal :
 And may th' awaken'd sinner feel
 That he, who first did wound his heart,
 Can health, and peace, and joy impart.

O, thou dear Shepherd of the sheep,
 Hast thou not here a flock to keep ?
 Teach them the Shepherd's voice to know,
 Lead them where living waters flow.

As all thy sheep are one in thee,
 Keep them in peace and unity :
 Oh give them all one heart and mind !
 Make them affectionate and kind !

And may our conversation prove
 The sweet constraining force of love !
 May grace restrain corruption's pow'r,
 'Till sin and sorrow be no more !

CCXLVI. *Sevens.* HILL'S COL.*At Parting.*

FOR a season call'd to part,
 Let us now ourselves commend

To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

Jesus, hear our humble pray'r,
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten ev'ry cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

Then, if thou thy help afford,
Eben-ezers shall be rear'd;
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard.

CCXLVII. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Public Service preceding the Lord's Supper.

THE King of heav'n his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n;
Thro' the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise the soul to heav'n.

Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd,
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come, from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

Millions of souls, in glory now,
 Were fed, and feasted here ;
 And millions more, still on the way,
 Around the *board* appear.

Yet is his house and heart so large,
 That millions more may come,
 Nor could the whole assembled world
 O'er-fill the spacious room.

All things are ready, come away,
 Nor weak excuses frame ;
 Crowd to your places at the feast,
 And bless the Founder's name.

CCXLVIII. C. M. STEELE.

Another.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
 Behold a royal feast !
 Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
 For ev'ry willing guest.

See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
 He calls, he bids you come :
 Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
 But see, there yet is room---

Room in the Savior's bleeding heart ;
 There love and pity meet ;
 Nor will he bid the soul depart,
 That trembles at his feet.

O come, and with his children taste
 The blessings of his love ;
 While hope attends the sweet repast
 Of nobler joys above.

There, with united heart and voice,
 Before th' eternal throne,
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
 In ecstasies unknown.

And yet ten thousand thousand more,
 Are welcome still to come :
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;
 Approach, there yet is room.

CCXLIX. *Helmſley T. RIPPON's Sel.*

Another.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary !

See ! it rends the rocks aſunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the ſky !

“ It is finiſh'd ! ”

Hear the dying Savior cry !

It is finiſh'd ! O what pleaſure

Do theſe charming words afford !

Heav'nly bleſſings, without meaſure,

Flow to us from Chriſt the Lord.

It is finiſh'd !

Saints, the dying words record.

Finish'd, all the types and ſhadows
 Of the ceremonial law !

Finish'd all that God had promis'd ;

Death and hell no more ſhall awe.

It is finiſh'd !

Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

Happy ſouls, approach the *table*,

Taſte the ſoul-reviving food ;

Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
As the Savior's flesh and blood.
It is finish'd!
Christ has borne the heavy load.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

THE DEVIL.

CCL. L.M. WATTS & H.

LET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heav'n when Michael stood
Chief gen'ral of th' Eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.

Against the dragon and his host
The armies of the Lord prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boast:
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.

Down to the earth was fath' thrown;
Down to the pit his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ has assum'd his reigning pow'r;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies, to rise no more.

'Twas by thy bloody immortal Lamb
Thine armies trod the tempter down; O
'Twas by thy word, and pow'rful name,
They gain'd the battle and renown.

Rejoice, ye heav'n's; let ev'ry star
Shine with new glories round the sky;
Saints; while ye sing the heavenly war,
Raise your deliverer's name on high.

THE WORLD.

CCLI. L. M. BLACKMORE.

WHAT are possessions, fame, and pow'r,
The boasted splendor of the great?
What gold, which dazzl'd eyes adore,
And seek with endless toils and sweat?

Express their charms, declare their use,
That we their merit may deserve;
Tell us what good they can produce,
Or what important want supply?

If, wounded with the sense of sin,
To them for pardon we should pray,
Will they restore our peace within,
And wash our guilty stains away?

Can they celestial life inspire,
Nature with pow'r divine renew,
With pure and sacred glad sports fire
Our bosoms, and our souls subdue?

When with the plings of death we live,
And yield all comforts here for lost,
Will they support us, will they give,
Kind succour when we need it most?

When at th' Almighty's awful bar
 To hear our final doom we stand,
 Can they incline the Judge to spare,
 Or wrest the vengeance from his hand?

Can they protect us from despair,
 From the dark reign of death and hell,
 Crown us with bliss, and throne us where
 The just, in joys immortal dwell?

Sinners, your idols we despise,
 If these reliefs they cannot grant;
 Why should we such delusions prize,
 And pine in everlasting want?

THE HYPOCRITE.

CCLII. S. M. HOSKINS.

LET hypocrites attend,
 And view their awful state;
 Consider well their latter end,
 Before it be too late.

Religion's form how vain,
 Whilst we deny its pow'r!
 What will the hypocrite obtain,
 In death's tremendous hour?

Now he may credit gain,
 And in his thousands roll;
 But all his profit will be pain,
 When God shall take his soul.

Then, O what dread surprise,
 What horror and dismay;
 When death shall open wide his eyes,
 And tear his mask away!

Lord, search, and know my heart,
 And make my soul sincere ;
 Bid all hypocrisy depart,
 And keep my conscience clear.

[*Wicked Men, see 294, 305, 306.*]

THE CHURCH.

CCLIII. L. M. WATTS'S P.

Christ and his Church.

THE King of saints, how fair his face,
 Adorn'd with majesty and grace !
 He comes with blessings from above,
 And wins the nations by his love.

At his right hand our eyes behold
 The Queen array'd in purest gold :
 Angels admire her heav'nly dress,
 Her robe of perfect righteousness.

He forms her beauties like his own ;
 He calls and seats her near his throne :
 Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
 The idols of thy native state.

So shall the King the more rejoice
 In thee, the fav'rite of his choice ;
 Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
 For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

O happy hour ! when thou shalt rise
 To his fair palace in the skies,
 And all thy sons (a num'rous train)
 Each like a prince in glory reign.

Let endless honors crown his head;
 Let ev'ry age his praises spread:
 While we with cheerful songs approve
 The condescensions of his love.

CCLIV. L. M. WANTS'N.

The Church's Request and Complaint.

WHO is this fair one in distress,
 That travels from the wilderness,
 And press'd with sorrows and with sins,
 On her beloved Lord she leans?

This is the spouse of Christ our God,
 Bought with the treasures of his blood;
 And her request and her complaint,
 Is but the voice of ev'ry saint.

“ O let my name engraven stand
 “ Both on thy heart, and on thy hand;
 “ Seal me upon thine arm, and wear a sign
 “ That pledge of love for ever thine.

“ Stronger than death thy love is known,
 “ Which floods of wrath could never drown;
 “ And hell and earth in vain combine
 “ To quench a fire so much divine.

“ But I am jealous of my heart,
 “ Lest it should from my Love depart;
 “ O let thy name be well impress'd
 “ As a fair signet on my breast.

“ Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
 “ Where fears, and doubts can never come;
 “ Thy countenance let me often see
 “ And let me oft converse with thee.

" Come, my Beloved, haste away,
 " Cut short the hours of thy delay ;
 " Fly like a youthful hart or roe
 " Over the hills where spices grow."

CCLV. L. M. WATTS'S H.

The Church's Beauty in the Eyes of Christ.

KIND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
 Affection sounds in every word ;
 " Lo, thou art fair my love !" (he cries ;)
 " Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.

" Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
 " Salutes mine ear with sacred joys ;
 " No spice so much delights the smell,
 " Nor milk nor honey taste so well.

" Thou art all fair, my bride, to me ;
 " I can behold no spot in thee."
 What mighty wonders love performs ;
 To put a comeliness on worms !

Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
 He makes us white, and calls us fair ;
 Adorns us with that heav'nly dress,
 His graces and his righteousness.

" My sister, and my spouse," (he cries,)
 " Bound to my heart by various ties,
 " Thy pow'rful love my heart detains
 " In strong delight and pleasing chains,"

He calls us, from the leopard's den,
 From this wide world of beasts and men,

To Sion, where his glories are ;
Not Lebanon is half so fair.

Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold our feet, or force our stay,
When Christ invites our souls away.

CCLVI. L. M. WATTS'S H.

The Love of Christ to the Church.

NOW in the gall'ries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he says,
" How fair my saints are in my fight !
" My love ! how pleasant for delight !

Kind is thy language, Sov'reign Lord,
There's heav'nly grace in every word !
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.

Such wond'rous love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the praises of thy name,
And make our cold affections flame.

These are the joys he lets us know ;
In fields and villages below
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.

In Paradise, within the gates,
An higher entertainment waits ;
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feed, and want no more.

CCLVII. L. M. WATTS'S H.

Christ appearing to his Church, &c.

THE voice of my Beloved sounds
 Over the rocks and rising grounds ;
 O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
 He leaps, he flies to my relief.

Now, thro' the veil of flesh, I see
 With eyes of love he looks at me ;
 Now in the gospel's clearest glass
 He shews the beauties of his face.

Gently he draws my heart along,
 Both with his beauties and his tongue ;
 " Rise, (saith my Lord,) make haste away ;
 " No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

" The Jewish wintry state is gone,
 " The mists are fled, the spring comes on ;
 " The sacred Turtle-Dove we hear
 " Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

" Th' immortal Vine of heavenly root,
 " Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit."
 Lo, we are come to taste the wine ;
 Our souls rejoice and bless the Vine:

And when we hear our Jesus say,
 " Rise up my love, make haste away !"
 Our hearts would fain out fly the wind,
 And leave all earthly joys behind.

CCLVIII. L. M. WATTS'S P.

God's protection of his Church.

LET Zion in her King rejoice,
 Tho' Tyrants rage and kingdoms rise ;

He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid :
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What desolations he has made.

From sea to sea, thro' all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease ;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear :
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame :
Keep silence all the earth and hear
The sound and glory of his name.

" Be still, and learn that I am God ;
" I'll be exalted o'er the lands :
" I will be known and fear'd abroad,
" But still my throne in Zion stands."

O Lord of hosts, almighty King !
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

CCLIX. C. M. NEWTON.

The City of Zion

ZION's a city built of God
How glorious is the place !
The Savior there hath his abode ;
There saints behold his face.

Firm against ev'ry adverse shock
Its mighty bulwarks prove ;

Fix'd on an everlasting rock,
And wall'd around with love.

There all the fruits of glory grow,
And joys that never die ;
There streams of endless pleasure flow,
The soul to satisfy.

Come, set your faces Zion-ward ;
The sacred road enquire ;
And may an union to the Lord
Become your own desire.

The gospel shines with clearest light ;
No longer, then, delay :
The Lord himself shall guide you right,
And Jesus is the way.

CCLX. C. M. RIPPON'S Sel.

At an Experience Meeting.

THERE'S joy in heav'n, and joy on earth,
When Prodigals return,
Whene'er desponding souls rejoice,
And haughty sinners mourn.

" Come saints, and hear what God hath done,"
Is a reviving sound :
O may it spread from sea to sea,
E'en all the globe around.

Often, O sov'reign Lord, renew
The wonders of this day ;
That Jesus here may see his seed,
And satan lose his prey.

Great God, the work is all thine own,
 Thine be the praises too,
 Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
 Give thee the glory due.

CCLXI. S. M. HOSKINS.

On the admission of Members.

TO our Redeemer's praise
 Ye saints, your tongues employ,
 To him aloud your voices raise,
 And tell the Church your joy.

The God that made your frame,
 And guards your fleeting hours,
 Expects that you his love proclaim
 With all your noblest pow'rs.

He chose you in his Son,
 E'er time began its rounds,
 And notwithstanding all you've done,
 Your life with mercy crowns.

He call'd you by his grace,
 When in destruction's road,
 Inclined your hearts to seek his face,
 And plead his pard'ning blood.

The dear Redeemer brought
 His great salvation near,
 And now your hearts and lips are taught
 His goodness to declare.---

Dear Lord, accept the praise
 We offer to thy name,
 And let the remnant of our days
 Thy wonderous love proclaim.

CCLXII, 8. 7. RADFORD'S Col.

When Destitute of a Minister.

HAPPY soul, who hears and follows
 Jesus speaking in his word !
 Paul, and Cephas, and Apollos,
 All are his in Christ the Lord.
 Ev'ry state, howe'er distressing,
 Shall be profit in the end ;
 Ev'ry ordinance a blessing ;
 Ev'ry providence a friend.

Christians, do you want a teacher,
 Helper, counsellor, and guide ?
 Would you find a proper preacher ?
 Ask your God, and he'll provide.
 Build on no man's parts or merit ;
 But observe the gospel plan :
 Jesus sends his Holy Spirit,
 And the Spirit sends the man.---

Bless, dear Lord, each lab'ring servant ;
 Bless the work they undertake ;
 Make them able, faithful, fervent ;
 Bless them for thy church's sake.
 All things for our good are given,
 Comforts, crosses, staffs, or rods :
 All is ours in earth and heaven ;
 We are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

CCLXIII. Sevens BRADFORD'S Col.

An Ordination Hymn.

WOULD you win a soul to God ?
 Tell him of the Savior's blood ;

Say how Jesus' bowels move ;
Tell him of redeeming love.

Tell him how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, and side ;
How his head with thorns was crown'd,
And his heart in sorrow drown'd.

Tell him how he suffer'd death,
Freely yielded up his breath,
Dy'd, and rose to intercede
As our High Priest and our Head.

Tell him that 'twas sov'reign grace
Wrought on you to seek his face,
Made you choose the better part,
Brought salvation to your heart.

Tell him of that liberty
Wherewith Jesus makes us free ;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiv'n,
Earnest of the joys of heav'n.

CCLXIV. Sevens. BRADFORD'S Col.

*On sending a Brother into the Ministry.---On
sending a Missionary &c.*

HERALD of the King of kings
Preach the peace the gospel brings ;
Loud extol th' incarnate God,
Preach the virtue of his blood.

Celebrate with ev'ry breath
Jesus' meritorious death ;
Praise the saints' unspotted drefs,
Christ's imputed righteousness.

Speak of free electing grace,
Shining in Immanuel's face;
Speak of Jesus' saving name,
Which for ever is the same.

And may we in prayers join,
Blessing, praising love divine;
Never be ~~asham'd~~ to tell
Christ hath sav'd our souls from hell.

CCLXV. C. M. RIPPON'S Sel.

The Increase of the Church promised and pleaded.

FATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That thro' the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?

"Ask, and I give the heathen lands
"For thine inheritance,
"And to the world's remotest shores
"Thine empire shall advance."

Hast thou not said the ~~scattered~~ Jews
Shall their Redeemer own;
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne?

Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Under th' expanse of heav'n,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exception giv'n?

From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd!
Europe, with all thy millions, shout,
Hosannahs to thy Lord!

Asia and Africa, resound
From shore to shore his fame ;
And thou, America, in songs
Redeeming love proclaim !

BAPTISM.

CCLXVI. As the old 112th.

Christ baptized in Jordan.

IN Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immerfing the repenting Jews ;
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse :
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

Wonder ye heav'ns ! your Maker lies
In deeps conceal'd from human view ;
Ye saints behold him fink and rise,
A fit example thus for you :
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

But lo ! from yonder op'ning skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread !
Dove-like the Eternal Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head ;
Amaz'd they see the Pow'r divine,
Around the Savior's temples shine.

But hark, my soul hark and adore !
What sounds are those that roll along,
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song !
“ This is my well-beloved Son,
“ I see well pleas'd what he hath done.”

Thus the Eternal Father spoke,
 Who shakes creation with a nod ;
 Thro' parting skies the accents broke,
 And bid us hear the Son of God :
 O hear the awful word to-day,
 Hear all ye nations and obey.

CCLXVII. L. M. PEACOCK

Christ's commission to his Apostles.

WHEN Jesus rose and left the dead,
 To his Apostles thus he said ;---
 " All power to me in earth and heav'n,
 " Is by supreme commission giv'n.
 " Go, spread my gospel's heav'nly light,
 " And all the nations profelyte ;
 " Let the whole earth the tidings hear ;
 " Regions and kingdoms far and near.
 " To them the great salvation preach,
 " To them my laws and doctrine teach ;
 " And they who in my name believe,
 " Shall everlasting life receive.
 " The name of the great sacred Three,
 " Pronounc'd on the baptiz'd shall be ;
 " But wrath and condemnation lies
 " On those who dare my grace despise.

CCLXVIII. L. M. GREGG.

Not ashamed of Christ.

JESUS! and shall it ever be
 A mortal man ashamed of thee!

Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.

Asham'd of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star ;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Asham'd of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon ;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning-star ! bids darkness flee.

Asham'd of Jesus ! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend !
No ; when I blush---be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Asham'd of Jesus ! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

'Till then---nor is my boasting vain---
'Till then I boast a Savior slain !
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me !

CCLXIX. Chatham T. NORMAN.

Thus it becometh us, &c.

THUS it became the Prince of grace,
And thus should all the favor'd race
High heav'n's command fulfill ;
For that the condescending God
Should lead his follow'rs thro' the flood,
Was Heav'n's eternal will.

'Tis not as led by custom's voice,
 We make these ways our favor'd choice,
 And thus with zeal pursue :
 No, heav'n's eternal Sov'reign Lord
 Has, in the precepts of his word,
 Enjoin'd us thus to do.

And shall we ever dare despise
 The gracious mandate of the skies,
 Where condescending Heav'n,
 To sinful man's apostate race,
 In matchless love and boundless grace,
 His will reveal'd has giv'n ?

Thou everlasting gracious King,
 Assist us now thy grace to sing,
 And still direct our way,
 To those bright realms of peace and rest,
 Where all th' exulting tribes are blest'd
 With one grand choral day.

CCLXX. S. M. WATTS'S H.

Moses a Servant---Christ a Son.

THE law by Moses came,
 But peace and truth and love,
 Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
 Descending from above.

Amidst the house of God
 Their diff'rent works were done ;
 Moses a faithful servant stood,
 But Christ a faithful Son.

Then to his *new commands*
 Be strict obedience paid ;

O'er all his Father's house he stands
The Sov'reign and the Head.

The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold ! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

But forer veng'ance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare despise his grace.

CCLXXI. C. M. STEELE.

To Jesus.

JESUS, in thy transporting name
What blissful glories rise !
Jesus, the angels sweetest theme !
The wonder of the skies !

Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as thine !
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine !

Jesus, and didst thou leave the sky
For miseries and woes ?
And didst thou bleed, and groan and die
For vile rebellious foes ?

Victorious love ! can language tell
The wonders of thy pow'r,
Which conquer'd all the force of hell,
In that tremendous hour ?

Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine controul ?

Descend, O sov'reign love, descend
And melt that stubborn soul.

O may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway ;
Glad captives of resistless grace,
Thy *pleasing rule obey*.

Come dearest Lord, extend thy reign,
'Till rebels rise no more ;
Thy praise all nature then shall join,
And heav'n and earth adore.

LORD's SUPPER.

CCLXXII. Sevens. HOSKINS.

SWEETEST notes let saints employ,
In the worship of the Lord ;
Sing his praise with sacred joy,
While ye sit around his board.

Did the King of glory think,
On rebellious worms below ?
Snatch us from hell's horrid brink,
And let fallen angels go ?

Did he take a human form ?
Did he visit Adam's race ?
Was the great Creator born ?
Boundless love ! surprising grace !

Did he do his Father's will ?
(And for this the Savior came)
Did he Sinai's law fulfill ?
Bless, O bless Immanuel's name.

Did he bear sin's dreadful weight,
 On high Calv'ry's bloody tree ?
 Never was there love so great!
 Never was there grace so free !

CCLXXIII. Chatham T. G--- M---

Another.

LORD! how delightful 'tis to meet,
 Around thy table---at thy feet ;
 To feel thy quick'ning grace :
 Thus to commemorate thy love,
 Anticipate the joys above,
 And view thy lovely face.

For sinners is thy table spread,
 What large provision hast thou made ;
 How rich the sacred food !
 When on our hearts, thy graces shine,
 Thy love's remember'd more than wine
 And ev'ry earthly good.

O how divinely sweet to see,
 By faith the shortest glimpse of thee,
 Our Savior and our Love ;
 Let the fair tokens thou hast giv'n,
 Be the sure pledges of our heav'n,
 And happiness above----

O ! if a foretaste is so sweet :
 A distant prospect so replete
 With immortality ;
 If now our pow'rs such sweetness prove,
 And thus with sacred rapture move,
 What must possession be !

CCLXXIV. L.M. STEELE.

Another.

TO Jesus our exalted Lord,
 (Dear name, by heav'n and earth ador'd!)
 Fain would our hearts and voices raise
 A chearful song of sacred praise.

But all the notes which mortals know,
 Are weak and languishing and low;
 Far, far above our humble songs,
 The theme demands immortal tongues.

Yet while around his board we meet,
 And humbly worship at his feet;
 O let our warm affections move
 In glad returns of grateful love!

Let faith our feeble senses aid,
 To see thy wond'rous love display'd,
 Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
 Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

Let humble penitential woe,
 With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
 And thy forgiving smiles impart
 Life, hope, and joy to ev'ry heart.

CCLXXV. C. M. HILL'S COL. *altered.**Another.*

WE bless the Lord who gave this cup,
 This bread to feast upon:
 We bless the Lord who yielded up
 His well beloved Son.

How sweet the streams of pleasure flow,
 From this repast of love !
 And if so sweet the streams below,
 How sweet the spring above !

There saints shall see the lovely face
 Of their forgiving God,
 And stand complete in righteousness,
 Wash'd in the Savior's blood.

There shall they all forget to sin,
 No more remember death,
 But drink eternal pleasures in,
 And draw immortal breath.

CCLXXVI. C. M. WATTS'S H.

Another.

HOW condescending, and how kind
 Was God's eternal Son !
 Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
 And pity brought him down.

When justice, by our sins provok'd,
 Drew forth its awful sword,
 He gave his soul up to the stroke
 Without a murm'ring word.

He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
 To raise us to his throne :
 There's not a gift his hand bestows,
 But cost his heart a groan.

This was compassion like a God,
 That when the Savior knew
 The price of pardon was his blood,
 His pity ne'er withdrew.

Here we receive repeated seals,
 Of Jesus' dying love;
 Hard is the heart that never feels
 One soft affection move!

Here let our souls begin to melt,
 While we his death record;
 And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
 Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

CCLXXVII. S. M. WATTS'S H.

Another.

JESUS invites his faints
 To meet around his board;
 Here pardon'd rebels sweetly hold
 Communion with their Lord.

For food he gives his flesh,
 And bids us drink his blood;
 Amazing favor! matchless grace
 Of our redeeming God!

Our heav'nly Father calls
 Christ and his members one;
 We the dear children of his love,
 And he the first-born Son.

Let all our pow'rs be join'd
 His glorious name to raise!
 Let peace and love fill ev'ry mind,
 And ev'ry voice be praise.

CCLXXVIII. 8. 7. WHITEFIELD'S Col.

Another.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend!

Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Let me sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and prove my peace with God.

Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Here I see my sins forgiven ;
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go,
Find his blood each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

CCLXXIX. L. M. HART.

*Another. **

PITY a helpless sinner Lord,
Who would believe thy gracious word ;
But own my heart, (with shame and grief,)
A source of sin and unbelief.

Lord, in thy house I read there's room ;
And, vent'ring hard, behold I come :
But can there---tell me---can there be
Amongst thy children room for me ?

I eat the bread, and drink the wine ;
But O my soul wants more than sign !
I faint unless I feed on thee,
And drink thy blood as shed for me.

* See also, 106, 108, 116, 126, 144, 233, 256, &c.

For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed ;
 And I'm a sinner vile indeed :
 Lord, I believe thy grace is free ;
 O magnify that grace in me !

TIMES AND SEASONS.

CCLXXX. Sevens. NEWTON.

*New-Year's Day.**

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the Sun
 Hasteth thro' the former year,
 Many souls their race have run ;
 Never more to meet us here :
 Fix'd in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait---
 But how little, none can know.

As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find ;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream :
 Lord, our expectations raise---
 All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive ;
 Former kindneses renew :
 From this moment may we live
 With eternity in view :
 Bless the word to young and old :
 Shed abroad a Savior's love ;
 And, when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

* See also, 185, 283.

CCLXXXI. Sevens. NEWTON.

*Spring.**

PLEASING Spring again is here !
 Trees and fields in bloom appear :
 How the birds, with artless lays,
 Warble their Creator's praise !
 Where, in winter, all was snow,
 Now the flow'rs in clusters grow ;
 And the corn, in green array,
 Promises an harvest-day.

What a change hath taken place !
 Emblem of the spring of grace :
 How the soul, in winter, mourns,
 'Till the Lord, the Sun, returns ;
 'Till the Spirit's gentle rain
 Bid the heart revive again ;
 Then his dews the soul refresh,
 And each grace springs forth afresh.

Christians soon shall be at home,
 Where no changes ever come ;
 Where their souls no winter fear,
 Where 'tis spring throughout the year :
 (How unlike this state below,
 Where the saints such changes know !)
 There no chilling blasts annoy,
 All is love, and peace, and joy.

CCLXXXII. L. M. STEELE.

Winter.

PRAISE ye the Lord : oh blissful theme,
 To sing the honors of his name !
 'Tis pleasure, 'tis divine delight,
 And praise is lovely in his sight.

* See also, 257.

He speaks ! and swiftly from the skies
To earth the sov'reign mandate flies ;
Observant nature hears his word,
And bows obedient to her Lord.

Now thick descending flakes of snow,
O'er earth, a fleecy mantle throw ;
Now glitt'ring frost, o'er all the plains,
Extends its universal chains.

At his fierce storms of icy hail,
The shiv'ring pow'rs of nature fail ;
Before his cold, what life can stand,
Unshelter'd by his guardian hand ?

He speaks ! the ice and snow obey,
And nature's fetters melt away ;
Now vernal gales soft rising blow,
And murm'ring waters gently flow.

But nobler works his grace record,
To Israel he reveals his word ;
To Jacob's happy sons, alone,
He makes his sacred precepts known.

Such blifs no other nation shares,
The laws of heav'n are only theirs ;
Ye favor'd tribes, your voices raise,
And bless your God in songs of praise.

CCLXXXIII. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Seasons crowned with Goodness.

ETERNAL Source of ev'ry joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
To hail thee, Sov'reign of the year.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole !
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
 Perfumes the air and paints the land ;
 The summer rays with vigor shine
 To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
 Thro' all our coast redundant stores ;
 And winters, soften'd by thy care,
 No more the face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise :
 And be the grateful homage paid,
 With morning light, and evening shade.

Here in thy house let incense rise,
 And circling sabbaths bleis our eyes,
 'Till to those lofty heights we soar,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

CCLXXXIV. C. M. WATTS'S H

Fifth of November.

SION, rejoice, and Judah, sing,
 The Lord assumes his throne !
 Let Britain own the heav'nly King,
 And make his glories known.

His pow'r the whole creation rules,
 And, on the starry skies,
 Sits smiling at the weak designs,
 His envious foes devise.

His scorn derides their feeble rage,
 And, with an awful frown,
 Flings vast confusion on their plots,
 And shakes their Babel down.

Their dark designs were all reveal'd,
 Their treasons all betray'd ;
 Praise to the Lord, that broke the snare
 Their cursed hands had laid.

In vain the busy sons of hell
 Still new rebellions try ;
 Their souls shall pine with envious rage,
 And vex away, and die.

Almighty *grace* defends our land
 From their malicious pow'r ;
 Let Britain, with united songs,
 Almighty *grace* adore.

CCLXXXV. Clark's T. TOPLADY'S C.

For a Public Fast.

JESUS, sin-aton^{ing} Lamb,
 Thy gracious pity show ;
 All the kindness of thy name
 Let favor'd Britain know ;
 Utter not the awful word,
 And do not, do not vengeance take :
 Spare our guilty nation, Lord,
 For thy own mercy's sake.

Worst of all th' apostate race,
 Yet listen to our cry :
 Most unworthy of thy grace,
 Without thy grace we die ;

Tophet is our just reward,
 Yet snatch us from the burning lake ;
 Spare our guilty nation, Lord,
 For thy own mercy's sake.

Though thy judgments are abroad,
 Let us thy goodness prove :
 Save us, O most gracious God,
 In honor of thy love !
 Though thy righteous hand is stirr'd,
 Arising slow, the earth, to shake ;
 Spare our guilty nation, Lord,
 For thy own mercy's sake.

O alarm the sleeping crowd,
 And fill their souls with dread :
 Then avert the low'ring cloud
 Impending o'er our head :
 Turn aside the hostile sword,
 And us to thy protection take :
 Spare our guilty nation, Lord,
 For thy own mercy's sake.

CCLXXXVI. C. M.

*Another. **

WHAT num'rous crimes, increasing rise
 Thro' this apostate Isle !
 What land so favor'd of the skies !
 And yet what land so vile !

How chang'd, alas ! are truths divine,
 For error, guilt, and shame !
 What impious numbers, bold in sin,
 Disgrace the christian-name !

** See also, 166.*

O turn the nation, mighty Lord,
 By thy converting grace!
 May ev'ry heart receive thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.

Then, should insulting foes invade,
 The people need not fear;
 Secure of never-failing aid,
 When God, their God is near.

CCLXXXVII. 8. MORTON'S Col.

For a Time of Dearth.

ALTHO' the vine its fruit deny,
 Altho' the olive yield no oil,
 The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
 The fields deceive the tiller's toil;
 Altho' the stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race,
 Ye ransom'd, triumph in the Lord;
 The God of your salvation praise.

Tho' comfortless the soul remain,
 And not a gleam of light appear;
 Tho' joy be sought, and sought in vain,
 And tho' despair itself be near;
 Altho' assurance all be lost,
 And blooming hopes cut off they see,
 Lord, teach thy people still to trust,
 And may they still rely on thee.

May faints, believing against hope,
 An int'rest in the Savior claim:
 Jesus shall lift believers up;
 Salvation is in Jesus' name:

'Tis he shall bring deliv'rance nigh,
 And then dejected saints shall find,
 When he shall lift their comforts high,
 His *arm* how strong, his *heart* how kind.

CCLXXXVIII. L. M. RIPPON'S Sel.

Deliverances.

WHAT hath God wrought ! might Israel
 When Jordan roll'd its tide away, [say,
 And gave a passage to their bands,
 Safely to march across its sands.

What hath God wrought ! might well be said,
 When Jesus, rising from the dead,
 Scatter'd the shades of pagan night,
 And bless'd the nations with his light.

What hath God wrought ! let Britons see,
 Freed from the plagues of popery,
 Its tenfold night, its iron chains,
 Its galling yoke, its cruel pains.

What hath God wrought ! in glad surprise,
 Shall sound thro' all the earth and skies,
 When, like a mill-stone in the main,
 Proud Rome shall sink, nor rise again.

What hath God wrought ! O blissful theme ;
 Are we redeem'd, and call'd by him ?
 Shall we be led the desert thro' ?---
 And safe arrive at glory too ?---

The news shall ev'ry harp employ,
 Fill ev'ry tongue with rapt'rous joy ;
 When shall we join the heav'nly throng,
 To swell the triumph and the song !

*Praise for national Peace.**

GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
 A word of thy almighty breath
 Can sink the world, or bid it rise ;
 Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

When angry nations rush to arms,
 And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
 And war resounds its dire alarms,
 And slaughter spreads the hostile plain ;

Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
 And marks their course, and bounds their
 Thy word the angry nations own, [pow'r ;
 And noise and war are heard no more.

Then peace returns with balmy wing,
 (Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled!)
 Glad plenty laughs, the vallies sing,
 Reviving commerce lifts her head.

Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
 All move subservient to thy will ;
 Both peace and war await thy word,
 And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

To thee we pay our grateful songs,
 Thy kind protection still implore ;
 O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
 Confess thy goodness and adore.

* See also, 258.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

CCXC. C. M. STEELE.

HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
 Detain our hearts and eyes,
 Regardless of immortal joys,
 And strangers to the skies ?

These transient scenes will soon decay,
 They fade upon the sight ;
 And quickly will their brightest day
 Be lost in endless night.

Their brightest day, alas, how vain !
 With con'cious sighs we own ;
 While clouds of sorrow, care and pain,
 O'ershade the smiling noon.

O could our thoughts and wishes fly
 Above these gloomy shades,
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
 Which sorrow ne'er invades.

There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
 Or reason's feeble ray,
 In ever blooming prospects rise,
 Unconscious of decay.

Lord, send a beam of light divine,
 To guide our upward aim !
 With one reviving touch of thine,
 Our languid hearts inflame.

Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
 Our ardent wishes rise

To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

CCXCI. C. M. WATTS'S H.

Another.

THEE, we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

Dangers stand thick, thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet, how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And, when our souls are taken hence,
May they be found with God!

DEATH AND THE RESURRECTION.

CCXCII. SEVENS. BRADFORD'S COL.

Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord.

BLESSED are the dead who rest
 On the dear Redeemer's breast :
 Peaceful in his arms they lie ;
 Happy in their Lord they die.

Death a messenger of peace,
 Brings to them a sweet release ;
 Wash'd in Christ's atoning blood,
 They for ever are with God.

Now the storm's for ever o'er ;
 Now they've gain'd the blissful shore :
 Sav'd by Jesus' outstretch'd hand
 They have reach'd the wish'd-for land.

More than conqu'rors through the Lamb,
 They his victories proclaim ;
 Cast their crowns before the throne,
 Sav'd by rich free grace alone.

Lost in wonder, now they gaze
 On the dear Immanuel's face :
 Like him now---what glory this !
 For they see him as he is.

CCXCIII. C. M. TOPLADY'S COL.

*Happiness of Saints departed.**

HOW happy are the souls above,
 From sin and sorrow free !

* See also, 181.

With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see.

Worthy the Lamb, aloud they cry,
That brought us here to God :
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
The virtue of his blood.

Sweet gratitude inspires their songs,
Ambitious to proclaim,
Before the Father's awful throne,
The honours of the Lamb.

With wond'ring joy they recollect
Their fears and dangers past ;
And bless the wisdom, pow'r, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.

They follow the exalted Lamb,
Where'er they see him go ;
And at the footstool of his grace
Their blood-bought crowns they throw.

Lord, let the merit of thy death,
To us be likewise giv'n ;
And we, with them, will shout thy praise
Through all the streets of heav'n.

CCXCIV. S. M. HOSKINS.

The wicked are driven away, &c.

HOW will the wicked stand
In that tremendous day ;
When God with his uplifted hand
Shall drive them far away !

Tho' finners now are bold,
And sin with ev'ry breath :
How will they tremble to behold
The messenger of death !

Tho' now they dare despise
Salvation's gracious word ;
How will they die ! how will they rise
And stand before the Lord !

In ev'ry sinner's heart
What horror then must dwell ;
When God shall thunder out "Depart !"
And drive them down to hell !

But righteous souls, rejoice !
For you have hope in death :
Shall triumph with your fault'ring voice,
And your expiring breath !

The Lord in whom you trust,
Will guide you safely home :
Receive your souls, preserve your dust,
And both with glory crown.

CCXCV. C M. C. of HUNTINGDON'S C.

The Righteous hath Hope in his Death.

WHEN langour and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my name
 In life's fair book set down ;
 Sweet to look forward, and behold
 Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid ;
 Sweet to remember that his blood
 My debt of suff'ring paid.

Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
 Which saves from second death ;
 Sweet to experience day by day
 His Spirit's quick'ning breath.

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end ;
 Sweet on his covenant of grace
 For all things to depend.

Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees ;
 Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
 And know no will but his.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
 What must the Fountain be,
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss
 Immediately from thee?

CCXCVI. S. M. TOPLADY'S COL.

Preparation for Death.

PREPARE us, gracious God,
 To stand before thy face ;
 Thy spirit must the work perform,
 For it is all of grace.

In Christ's obedience clothe,
 And wash us in his blood :
 So shall we lift our heads with joy,
 Among the sons of God.

Do thou our sins subdue,
 Thy sov'reign love make known ;
 The spirit of our minds renew,
 And save us in thy Son.

Let us attest thy pow'r,
 Let us thy goodness prove,
 'Till our full souls can hold no more
 Of everlasting love.

CCXCVII. C. M. WATTS'S H.

Death and Eternity.

STOOP down, my thoughts, that use to rise,
 Converse awhile with death :
 Think how a gasping mortal lies,
 And pants away his breath.

His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,
 His pulses faint and few ;
 Then speechless, with a doleful groan,
 He bids the world adieu.

But, O, the soul that never dies !
 At once it leaves the clay !
 Ye thoughts pursue it where it flies,
 And track its wond'rous way.

Up to the courts where angels dwell
 It mounts triumphant there ;
 Or plung'd with devils down to hell,
 In infinite despair.

And must my body faint and die ?
 And must this soul remove ?
 Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
 To bear it safe above !

Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
 My naked soul I trust,
 And my flesh waits for thy command,
 To drop into my dust.

CCXCVIII. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Comfort under the Loss of Ministers.

NOW let our drooping hearts revive,
 And all our tears be dry ;
 Why should these eyes be drown'd in grief,
 Which view a Savior nigh ?

What though the arm of conqu'ring death
 Does God's own house invade ?
 What tho' the prophet and the priest
 Be number'd with the dead ?

Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust
 The aged and the young,
 The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
 And mute th' instructive tongue :

Th' eternal Shepherd still survives
 New comfort to impart ;
 His eye still guides us, and his voice
 Still animates our heart.

“ Lo, I am with you,” saith the Lord,
 “ My church shall safe abide ;
 “ For I will ne'er forsake my own,
 “ Whose souls in me confide.”

Thro' ev'ry scene of life and death,
 This promise is our trust ;
 And this shall be our children's song,
 When we are cold in dust.

CCXCIX. C. M. STENNETT.

Comfort under the Loss of a Child.

THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
 With transport all divine ;
 Thine Image trace in ev'ry word,
 Thy love in ev'ry line.

Methinks I see a thousand charms,
 Spread o'er thy lovely face,
 While Infants in thy tender arms
 Receive the smiling grace.

" I take these little lambs," said he,
 " And lay them in my breast ;
 " Protection they shall find in me.
 " In me be ever blest.

" Death may the bands of life unloose,
 " But can't dissolve my love :
 " Millions of infant-souls compose
 The family above.

" Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise,
 " And mould with heav'nly skill ;
 " I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
 And hands to do my will."---

His words the happy parents hear,
 And shout with joys divine,
 Dear Savior, all we have and are
 Shall be for ever thine.

CCC. C. M. WATTS'S H.

A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
Afraid to launch away.

Oh! could we find our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

CCCI. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Resurrection of the Body.**

WHY should our mourning thoughts de-
 To grovel in the dust? [light
 Or why should streams of tears unite
 Around th' expiring just?

Did not the Lord our Savior die,
 And triumph o'er the grave?
 Did not the Lord ascend on high,
 And prove his pow'r to save?

Doth not the sacred spirit come,
 And dwell in all the saints?
 And should the temples of his grace
 Resound with long complaints?

Awake, my soul, and like the sun
 Burst thro' each sable cloud;
 And thou, my voice, tho' broke with sighs,
 Tune forth thy songs aloud.

The Spirit rais'd my Savior up,
 When he had bled for me;
 And spite of death and hell shall raise
 Thy pious friends and thee.

Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust,
 Your hymns of vict'ry sing;
 And let his dying servants trust
 Their ever-living King.

* See also, 225.

JUDGMENT AND HEAVEN.

CCCII. Leoni T. MORTON's Col.

*Circumstances attending the Coming of Christ in
the Day of Judgment.*

A Voice shall soon be heard ;
 And all mankind attend ;
 The great Archangel speaks the word ;
 And time shall end :
 The solemn day unknown ;
 By prophets long foretold ;
 When Jesus, on his great white throne ;
 We shall behold.

Then shall both great and small
 At his tribunal stand :
 For God himself shall send the call
 Thro' ev'ry land :
 The seas their dead restore ;
 The graves obey the call ;
 And death and hell appear before
 The Judge of all.

Then Adam's num'rous race
 Shall ev'ry one appear
 Before the great Jehovah's face,
 Their doom to hear :
 The books be open'd wide,
 Which all their deeds contain ;
 And then shall sinners seek to hide
 Themselves in vain.

But mansions are prepar'd
 In Canaan's happy land :

Saints shall receive their great reward
 At God's right hand :
 Then will their trials end ;
 The weary be at rest,
 In the enjoyment of their Friend
 For ever blest :

With endless glory crown'd,
 They'll hallelujahs sing ;
 And, while their flowing joys abound,
 They'll bless their King :
 They'll at his footstool fall ;
 And all their hosts agree
 To praise a Triune God thro' all
 Eternity.

CCCIII. Helmsley T. NEWTON.

Day of Judgment.

DAY of Judgment, day of wonders !
 Hark ! the trumpets awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round !
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound !
 See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in Majesty divine !
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, " This God is mine !"
 Gracious Savior,
 Own me in that day for thine !
 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea :

All the pow'rs of nature, shaken
 By his looks, prepare to flee :
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee ?

Horrors past imagination,
 Will surprize your trembling heart,
 When you hear your condemnation,
 " Hence, accursed wretch, depart !
 " Thou with Satan
 " And his angels, have thy part !"

But to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd and fear'd the Lord below ;
 He will say, " Come near, ye blessed,
 " See the kingdom I bestow ;
 " You for ever
 " Shall my love and glory know."

Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May this thought our courage raise !
 Swiftly God's great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise :
 May we triumph
 When the world is in a blaze.

CCCIV. Helmifley T.

Another.

L O! he comes ! with clouds descending,
 Once for favor'd sinners slain !
 Countless hosts of saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train :
 Hallelujah !
 God eternally shall reign !

Ev'ry eye shall then behold him
 Cloth'd in splendid majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Those who nail'd him to the tree,
 Sorely wailing,
 Shall the Judge, with terror, see.

When the trump of God hath sounded,
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away ;
 And the sinner shall, confounded,
 Hear the summons of the day :
 " Come to judgment ;
 " Rise ye dead, without delay."

Then the Savior, long expected,
 Shall in solemn pomp appear :
 All the faints, by man rejected,
 Then shall meet him in the air ---
 Great Redeemer,
 For that day our souls prepare.

CCCV. C. M. MORTON'S COL.

*The dreadful Situation of the Sinner in the Day
 of Judgment.*

SOON shall the Judge of quick and dead
 Upon the earth appear ;
 And sinners, with an awful dread,
 Shall view the judgment near.

Soon shall his foes be cloth'd with shame,
 And all their hopes shall die ;
 For soon the trumpet shall proclaim
 The King of nations nigh.

Adieu, the joyous sinner's mirth !
 His heart for fear shall fail ;

And all the kindreds of the earth
In great distress shall wail.

Soon shall the,solemn day commence,
When all who God forgot
Shall call to mountains for defence,
And mountains hear them not.

Lord, when the dreadful thunders roll,
And rocks and mountains flee ;
In that great day, O may my soul
Be found secur'd in thee !

CCCVI. C. M.

Another.

WHERE shall the guilty sinner flee,
When nature's mighty frame,
The pond'rous earth, and air, and sea,
Shall all dissolve in flame ?

Amazing day ! it comes apace !
The Judge is hasting down !
How shall the sinner see his face,
Or stand before his frown ?---

Lord, let thy mercy find a way
To touch the stubborn heart ;
Lest Jesus, on the judgment-day,
Should bid the soul depart.

CCCVII. S. M. HOSKINS.

Then shall the Righteous shine as the Sun, &c.

THE saints of God whilst here,
Are princes in disguise ;

Their glory doth not yet appear,
And sinners them despise.

The wicked now oppose,
And treat the saints with scorn ;
Inward corruptions, outward foes,
Oft make the righteous mourn.

But there's a day at hand :
Yes, sinner, it is near,
When we must all before him stand,
And at his bar appear !

Soon will the trump of God
Command the dead to rise,
And leave the grave, that dark abode,
To meet him in the skies !

Then God his saints shall own ;
Then shall the righteous shine,
In light and lustre as the sun :
In glory all divine.

There shall they ever reign
With Christ their Lord above ;
To praise the Lamb on Calv'ry slain,
And sing redeeming love.

CCCVIII. Chatham T. RAPRON'S Sel.

*Longing for a Place at the Right Hand of the
Judge.*

WHEN thou my righteous Judge shall come
To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand ?

Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?

I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious feet to bow
 Tho' vilest of them all;
 But can I bear the piercing thought?
 What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call!

Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
 In this th' accepted day:
 Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear;
 Nor let me fall I pray.

Let me among thy saints be found,
 Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face;
 Then loudest of the croud I'll sing,
 While heav'n's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sov'reign grace.

CCCIX. L. M. WATTS'S H.

Longing for Heaven.

DESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove,
 Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
 And mount and bear us far above
 The reach of these inferior things.

Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
 Up where eternal ages roll,
 Where solid pleasures never die,
 And fruits immortal feast the soul.

O for a sight, a pleasing sight
 Of our Almighty Father's throne!
 There sits the Savior crown'd with light,
 Cloath'd in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around him stand,
 And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;
 The God shines gracious thro' the man,
 And sheds sweet glories on them all!

O what amazing joys they feel,
 While to their golden harps they sing,
 And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
 And spread the triumphs of their King!

When shall the day, dear Lord, appear
 That we shall mount to dwell above,
 And stand and bow amongst them there,
 And view thy face, and sing thy love?

CCCX. C. M. STEELE.

The promised Land.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise;
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

There pain and sickness never come,
 And grief no more complains:
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And endless pleasure reigns.

No cloud those blissful regions know,
 For ever bright and fair!

For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But Glory, from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love ;
'Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high :
Then bid our souls rise up and join
The chorus of the sky.

CCCXI. C. M. MORTON'S Col.

Heaven.

IN heav'n the dear Redeemer sits :
The God, how bright he shines†
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

Seraph's, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around ;
And sing, and charm the heav'nly plains
With an immortal sound.

Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs :
Jesus, the God, they sing :
" Jesus, the life of endless joys,"
Sounds sweet from every string.

How far beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And echo, in majestic sounds,
The triumphs of the Son !

Arise, my soul, and join the song :
Ye faints, adore him too :
Ye souls who to the Lord belong ;
Here's blessed work for you.

With joy divine, with bliss replete
The subjects of his grace
Shall surely, and shall shortly meet
Before the Savior's face.

CCCXII. C. M. STEELE.

The Joys of Heaven.

COME Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influ'nce to our song.

Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease ;
And perfect joy, and love sincere
Adorn the realms of peace.

The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more ;
But, cloath'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

There on a throne, (how dazzling bright !)
Th' exalted Savior shines ;

And beams ineffable delight
On all the heav'nly minds.

There shall the follow'rs of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs ;
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

Lord tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire ;
'Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

C CCXIII. L. M. STEELE.

Heavenly Worship.

O For a sweet inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns !

There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall ;
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.

Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise :
And love, and joy and triumph, spread
Through all the regions of the skies.

He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze :
Ten thousand, thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

There all the ransom'd of the Lamb
 Shall join, at last, the heav'nly choir ;
 O may the joy-inspiring theme
 Now warm our hearts with holy fire !

Dear Savior, let thy spirit seal
 Our title to that blissful place ;
 'Till death removes this earthly veil,
 And glory crowns thy saving grace.

SUPPLEMENT.

CCCXIV. C. M. E--- M---

Creation, Providence and Grace.

WHILST all thy glories, O my God,
 Thro' the creation shine ;
 Whilst rocks, and hills, and fertile vales,
 Proclaim thy hand divine ;

O may I view with humble heart
 The wonders of thy pow'r,
 Display'd alike in wilder scenes,
 As in each blade and flow'r.

But whilst I taste thy blessings, Lord,
 And sip the streams below ;
 O may my soul be led to thee,
 From whom all blessings flow.

And if such footsteps of thy love,
 Thro' this lost world we trace ;
 How far transcendent are thy ways
 Throughout the works of grace !

Just as before yon noon-tide sun
 The brightest stars are small ;
 So earthly comforts are but snares,
 'Till grace has crown'd them all.

CCCXV. Sevens. LYNDALE'S COL.

The despised Nazarene.

THE despised Nazarene,
 Who is chief in my esteem ;
 Mark'd with scourges, nails and spear,
 Hung an ensign in the air.

None among the sons of men,
 None among the heav'nly train,
 Can with Jesus Christ compare;
 Who is my supremely fair.

Had I Gabriel's heav'nly tongue,
 He should ever be my song ;
 Object of my present bliss,
 Subject of my future praise.

CCCXVI. C. M. WATTS'S H.

Redemption and Protection.

ARISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs,
 And triumph in my God ;
 Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
 His glorious grace abroad.

He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
 The gates of gaping hell,
 And fix'd my standing more secure
 Than 'twas before I fell.

The arms of everlasting love
 Beneath my soul he plac'd,
 And on the rock of ages set
 My slipp'ry footsteps fast.

The city of my blest'd abode
 Is wall'd around with grace ;
 Salvation for a bulwark stands
 To shield the sacred place.

Satan may vent his sharpest spite
 And all his legions roar ;
 Almighty mercy guards my life,
 And bounds his raging pow'r.

Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
 And tunes of pleasure sing ;
 Loud hallelujahs shall address
 My Savior and my King.

CCCXVII. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Love to Jesus

DO not I love thee, O my Lord ?
 Behold my heart, and see ;
 And turn each cursed idol out,
 That dares to rival thee.

Do not I love thee from my soul ?
 Then let me nothing love :
 Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy
 Which God does not approve.

Is not thy name melodious still
 To mine attentive ear ?
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
 My Savior's voice to hear ?

Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord :
 But oh ! I long to soar

See also, 172.

Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

CCCXVIII. Sevens. NEWTON.

But ye are come unto Mount Zion, &c.

NOT to Sinai's dreadful blaze ;
But to Zion's throne of grace ;
By a way mark'd out with blood,
Sinners now approach to God.

Not to hear the fiery law,
But with humble joy to draw
Water, by that well supply'd,
Jesus open'd when he dy'd.

Lord, there are no streams but thine,
Can assuage a thirst like mine !
Tis a thirst thyself didst give,
Let me therefore drink and live.

CCCXIX. C. M. E--- M-----.

The Christian's Prize in View.

SAYS *Faith*, " Look yonder, see the crown,
" Laid up in heav'n above ;"
Says *Hope*, " Anon, it shall be mine ;"
" I long to wear't," says *Love*.

Desire saith, " What ! is there my crown ?
" Then to that place I'll flee,
" I cannot bear a longer stay,
" My rest I fain would see."

“ But stay,” says *Patience*, “ wait a while,”
 “ The crown’s for those that fight ;
 “ The prize for those that run the race,
 “ By faith and not by fight.”

Thus *Faith* enjoys a pleasing view,
Hope waits, *Love* sits and sings ;
Desire, she flutters to begone,
 But *Patience* clips her wings.

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FINIS.



[Woolmer, Typ. Exeter.]

